CHARD HOWA
EAL PHOTOGRAP

FEBRUARY 3, 1986 • $1.95

Family Politics • South African Censorship

C. VANN WOODWARD: JIM CROW AND ME • HENRY FAIRLIE: JFK'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS

THE NEW REPUBLIC

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Duplicate Copy
JAN 22 1986

OUR NERVOUS NEW HOLIDAY

BY TAYLOR BRANCH

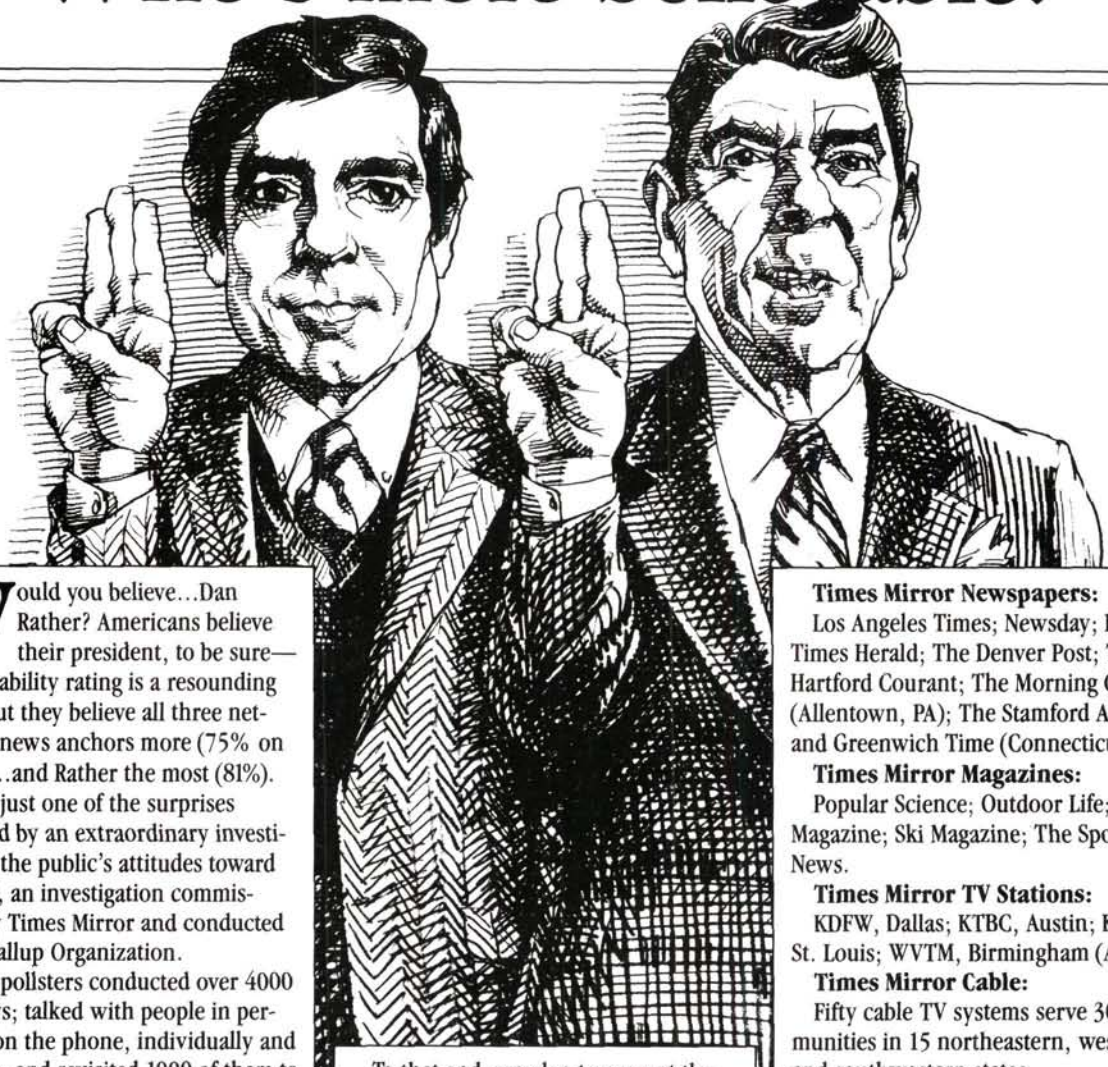
Paul Davis
© 1986

NEWSPAPER
UCY 00376
AAMBAA3OOWESIB 04 NP 8734
AMBASSADER COLL GE IBR
3ON
GREEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The People & The Press," Ad #1 in a series

Who's more believable?



Would you believe...Dan Rather? Americans believe their president, to be sure—his believability rating is a resounding 67%—but they believe all three network TV news anchors more (75% on average)...and Rather the most (81%).

This is just one of the surprises uncovered by an extraordinary investigation of the public's attitudes toward the press, an investigation commissioned by Times Mirror and conducted by The Gallup Organization.

Gallup pollsters conducted over 4000 interviews; talked with people in person and on the phone, individually and in groups; and revisited 1000 of them to double check key findings.

Nothing like it had ever been done before.

So why did we do it?

First, because as one of America's largest newspaper-based media companies, we need to know exactly how the public views the press...and no prior study has dug deep enough to tell us.

We also saw in the study a way to stimulate a dialogue between the public and the press that would strengthen that essential relationship.

To that end, we plan to present the investigation's major findings in ads and public meetings, and to invite and respond to your comments.

We also plan to repeat the study regularly so we can track attitudes over time.

Who we are

We publish newspapers, magazines and books and operate TV stations and cable systems (see list below), so we have a special interest in the dialogue we aim to stimulate with you.

Simply put, it will help us serve our readers and viewers better.

Times Mirror Newspapers:
Los Angeles Times; Newsday; Dallas Times Herald; The Denver Post; The Hartford Courant; The Morning Call (Allentown, PA); The Stamford Advocate and Greenwich Time (Connecticut).

Times Mirror Magazines:
Popular Science; Outdoor Life; Golf Magazine; Ski Magazine; The Sporting News.

Times Mirror TV Stations:
KDFW, Dallas; KTBC, Austin; KTVI, St. Louis; WVTM, Birmingham (AL).

Times Mirror Cable:
Fifty cable TV systems serve 300 communities in 15 northeastern, western and southwestern states.

Times Mirror Book Publishing:
Matthew Bender & Co., law books; C.V. Mosby and Year Book Medical Publishers, medical books; Harry N. Abrams, art books; Mirror Systems, computer software; Learning International, training programs.

If you'd like to know more about us, contact Donald Kellermann, Vice President, Public Affairs, Times Mirror, Times Mirror Square, Los Angeles, CA 90053, (213) 972-3847.

Times Mirror
We're interested in what you think.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,707

WASHINGTON, D.C. — FEBRUARY 3, 1986

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KINSLEY
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT,
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN
Associate Editor
JEFFERSON MORLEY
New Republic Books Editor
(Henry Holt and Company)
STEVE WASSERMAN
Films — *Theater*
STANLEY KAUFFMANN — ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Music — *Poetry*
EDWARD ROTHSTEIN — ROBERT PINSKY
Economics Correspondent
ROBERT KUTTNER
Contributing Editors
ABRAHAM BRUMBERG,
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE,
JAMES K. GLASSMAN, HENDRIK HERTZBERG,
JOHN KEEGAN, MORTON KONDRACKE,
VINT LAWRENCE, R.W.B. LEWIS,
MARK CRISPIN MILLER, ROBERT B. REICH,
MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL,
RICHARD L. STROUT, E. V. THAW,
ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,
MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD
West Coast Correspondent
MICKEY KAUS
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Assistant to the Editors
DINA D. HEIZER
Production Manager
PATRICIA A. HOPPER
Copy Editor
JAMIE BAYLIS
Production Associate
BRUCE STEINKE
Literary Assistant
JENNIFER KRAUSS
Reporter-Researchers
EVAN T. BARR, KIMBERLY K. RICE,
WILLIAM SALETAN, JACOB WEISBERG

Publisher
JEFFREY L. DEARTH
Associate Publisher
REED PHILLIPS
Controller
JEAN GANDY
Advertising Manager
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Circulation Director
TOM HICKS
Circulation Manager
PATTY JONES
Assistant to the Controller
MARIA F. SALATTI
Circulation Assistant
ROBIN CHERRY
Assistant to the Advertising Manager
DARLENE BUSCAGLIO
Advertising Representative
KEVIN LONDON
Accounting Assistant
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER
Back Issues and Reception
TAMMY FLYNN
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... NO EASY ANSWERS
But many vital questions.

6 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... Kennedy's Energy, Cohen's Sovietology.

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... GOING TO THE SOURCE
A losing battle with the South American coke trade.
NOTEBOOK
Remembering Joseph Kraft, &c.

10 **FRED BARNES** ..... WHITE HOUSE WATCH: KEYHOLE HISTORIAN
The making of an eavesdropper, 1986.

13 **ALEX HEARD** ..... RUNAWAY HATHOLAMUS
The author is stricken with Buscaglia's Disease.

14 **HENRY FAIRLIE** ..... CITIZEN KENNEDY
The importance of JFK's inaugural address.

17 **BENJAMIN POGRUND** ..... HOW TO COW THE PRESS
South African censorship in three easy steps.

20 **RONALD BROWNSTEIN** ..... APPLE PIE FIGHT
Left and right battle for Mom and Pop.

22 **TAYLOR BRANCH** ..... UNEASY HOLIDAY
Martin Luther King's greatness defies cheery celebration.

28 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: ACROSS THE PACIFIC
A film critic's-eye view of Kyoto and Tokyo.

29 **C. VANN WOODWARD** ..... BETWEEN LITTLE ROCK AND A HARD PLACE
How a scholarly book, *The Strange Career of Jim Crow*, turned best seller in turbulent times.

33 **RICHARD HOWARD** ..... MOVING VIOLATIONS
L'Amour fou: Photography and Surrealism
by Rosalind Krauss and Jane Livingston
with an essay by Dawn Ades

37 **EVELYN FOX KELLER** ..... THE BOUNDS OF BIOLOGY
Myths of Gender
by Anne Fausto-Sterling

38 **LINDA PASTAN** ..... POEM *Degas: "Intérieur"*

39 **PETER HUBER** ..... THE RISK RACE
Outrageous Misconduct:
The Asbestos Industry on Trial
by Paul Brodeur

43 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... MOANS

COVER by Paul Davis for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 22.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 194, Number 5, Issue 3,707, February 3, 1986. (Printed on January 15, 1986.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 6 & 13, July 14 & 21, Aug. 11 & 18, and Sept. 15 & 22, 1986) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $48; foreign, $73; Canada, $60. Back issues, $2.50 (includes postage & handling).

©1986 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737-0001.** For subscription problems call **800-227-5782.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

NO EASY ANSWERS

Nineteen eighty-five was a busy year, as always, for thoughtful observers. Their opinion was sought and cited on issues ranging from whether "Mr. Reagan used his first term to start a process of change" (*New York Times*) to "the limits inherent in even the most precise expressions of unaided human reason" (*Christian Science Monitor*).

I get this information not from the National League of Thoughtful Observers, but from Nexis, the computerized data base maintained by Mead Data Central of Dayton, Ohio. Nexis files away every word published in the *Times*, the *Monitor*, the *Washington Post*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, and so on, along with exotica like the BBC *Summary of World Broadcasts*. For a fee, you can look up any word or group of words and see how they were used.

Thoughtful observers have piped up (and I see them with pipes—don't you?) 67 times since Nexis got started in 1977. Not surprisingly, the publication with the best contacts among thoughtful observers is the *Times*, which has gotten them to opine on 19 different subjects. The *Monitor* is a distant second with 12 citations. More surprising, and disappointing, is that even thoughtful observers spend much of their time chattering about professional sports, just like everyone else. True, they're concerned about "the alienation and withdrawal of young people" in Namibia. But more often, they're pondering whom the Dallas Cowboys will draft or the commercialization of tennis or "whether the forces of destruction in baseball can be dispelled."

Thoughtful observers are a dyspeptic lot. They're always rejecting "simplistic arguments," demanding "careful thinking on the part of policy makers," and warning of "a major shakeout" or even "a vast, but still avoidable, tragedy" if "the numerous negative strands in the present situation continue to concatenate." The gloom only dispels in situations where ordinary mortals tend toward pessimism. Then thoughtful observers suddenly and perversely declare themselves "delighted."

If there's anything that animates a thoughtful observer, it's a vital question. In 1985 alone, there were 55 vital questions, according to Nexis. Most of them, I'm sorry to report, were raised by foreigners. Communists seem to have a special enthusiasm for vital questions. East German party boss Erich Honecker raised half a dozen on a single visit to France in June.

A Hungarian official quoted by the BBC in April declared that the fate of socialism and the future of mankind "are still vital questions" even though they are "questions which Lenin addressed himself to *and solved*." In an article titled "What Should Literary Heroes Be Like?" a Soviet literary critic announced his preference for "reflective heroes" over "stereotyped ideal heroes" because the former are "searching for the answer to vital questions."

Americans not only raise fewer vital questions. They also apply the label recklessly to questions of dubious vitality. To the *Financial Times* of London, a vital question is "the role of the family in Swedish society." To *MacLean's* magazine of Canada, it's the cause of earthquakes. To the *New York Times*, "Whether 26 cards fit well together is a vital question in [bridge] bidding strategy." And to the *Washington Post*, "Elvis switching to electric guitar [is] a vital question at this juncture in Presley's career."

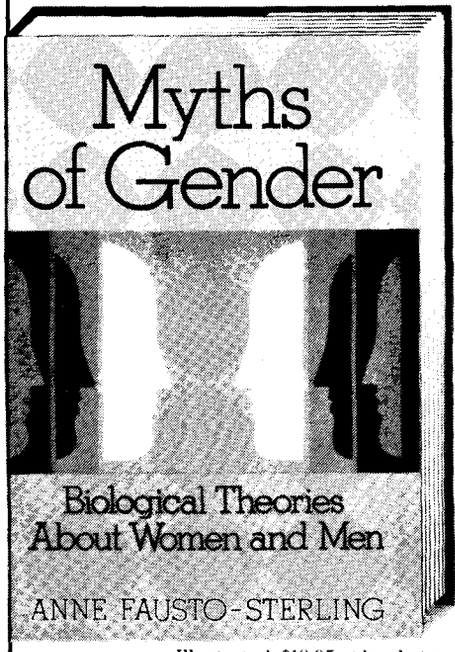
If there is a shortage of high-quality vital questions, there is a virtual famine of easy answers. "The people are looking for an easy answer," declared Bernhard Goetz (one of "the 25 most intriguing people of 1985") in *People* magazine, December 30. Yet on no fewer than 88 subjects in 1985, according to Nexis, there were "no easy answers" at all. The *Washington Post* won the bewilderment stakes with no easy answers to a whopping 23 questions, thus trouncing the *New York Times* at 15 and the *Christian Science Monitor* at 13.

Among the highlights, there were no

continued on page 42

"Required reading on the sexual politics of science."

—FLORENCE HOWE, Publisher, The Feminist Press



"Instructive and provocative. ...A temperate, judiciously argued book that makes its complicated subjects accessible in clear and uncomplicated prose." *—DANIEL J. KEVLES, New York Times Book Review*

"A book many of us have been waiting for... anyone interested in science or feminism should read it." *—RUTH HUBBARD, Harvard University*

"A solid and objective study ...highly readable." *—ELIZABETH JANEWAY*

Illustrated, $18.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.
Toll-free (800) 638-3030. Major credit cards accepted.

BASIC BOOKS, INC. 10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing an "apprenticeship program" for aspiring millionaires

"You can become a millionaire." When 9 out of 10 people read that statement, their minds clamp shut like a steel trap. They refuse to believe it...they'll never take the steps needed to turn a $1,000,000 goal into a reality.

But we're looking for that one person in ten open-minded enough to say, "Show me."

If you're that one person, what we have to show you could change your life, not by magic but by *knowledge.* And we will send you the first 2 parts of the program *free and without risk or obligation to continue,* to prove its worth.

The program designed to put you on a systematic path to wealth is called *Successful Investing & Money Management (SIMM).* **It is based on one simple premise: you can learn how to get rich.**

Now you don't have to risk everything you've ever worked for to learn how to acquire wealth. Now you don't have to take the "trial and error" approach to investing—making expensive mistakes, learning from them, and eventually discovering how to survive and prosper in the financial jungle. Now, for the first time, you have the opportunity to participate in the unique "apprenticeship program" for aspiring millionaires.

Through the *SIMM* program, you can learn the actual techniques of self-made millionaires and leading financial experts ...men like Dr. Morton Shulman, multimillionaire investor and author of one of the best-selling investment books of all time, "Anyone Can Make A Million," and Andrew Sarlos, who started with $500 and built a multimillion dollar investment group.

You can learn how to get rich, from people who've actually done it. Not overnight, but through steady, systematic multiplication of your wealth through the techniques taught to you in *SIMM.*

And you will be able to take advantage of all this valuable knowledge because in Lesson 1 you will discover that you probably do have money you can afford to invest. SIMM will show you how to find as much as an extra $2,500 a year to invest, without changing your standard of living.

HUME

Hume Financial Education Services
835 Franklin Court
Box 105627
Atlanta, Georgia 30348

Proof that you can make a million

Once you've found your $2,500 to invest, think of this...by investing just $119 a month at 13% interest, anyone 30 years of age can retire with *over a million dollars.*

Over 30? Then, consider *this...*

If you can invest more than $119 a month...and if you can get a better return than 13% (opportunities for gains of up to 25% are possible)...and if you learn how to make some of your investment dollars have the "leverage" of $5 or $10 (which we'll also teach you)...you can see immediately that you have the potential to join the exclusive "millionaire's club" well before your retirement years.

How to live richer now

So, you can see that it really is possible to amass a million dollars by the time you retire. ***SIMM* will enable you to act now to increase your wealth, without lowering your standard of living, out of the money you have today.**

Just as important, *SIMM* will train you to respond to the ever-changing economic climate. You will know how and when to act as the financial picture changes. You will become equipped to make your own decisions—to be really in control of your financial destiny.

By successfully applying the techniques you'll learn, you can reasonably expect to be on the road to financial security in five years. Ten years from now, you may no longer have to work for a living, for your income from your investment portfolio may well have surpassed the income you earn from your job.

Accept your first 2 lessons *free*

To help you get started on the road to wealth and financial independence, we'll send you Lessons 1 and 2 of the *SIMM* program free and without risk or obligation to continue. They are yours to keep—no questions asked.

In your 2 free lessons you'll see how to take inventory of your assets, liabilities and financial goals. This will give you the clearest picture you've ever had of where you stand, where you want to go and how to get there. **For the first time, you'll have an actual blueprint for getting rich.**

You'll be given a comprehensive overview of the various investments open to you, so it will be easy to see which ones suit you best, and which ones you've been overlooking. And you'll discover some excellent ideas on how to improve your returns on many of these investments. All this, and much more, in just your first 2 *free* lessons.

Make the most out of the 1,700 hours you work each year

One final point. This year and every year of your working life, you'll probably put in over 1,700 hours of hard work. As your reward, you'll earn a good salary which will probably translate into a lifetime income of well over a million dollars. **Doesn't it make sense to explore how these 2 free lessons can help you protect everything you're working for?**

No-Risk Trial Enrollment Form

To: Hume Financial Education Services,
835 Franklin Court, Box 105627, Atlanta, Georgia 30348

YES I accept your invitation to evaluate *Successful Investing & Money Management* and enclose my $5 Registration Fee. Please send me the first 2 lessons FREE of charge. Later, you will send Lessons 3 & 4. I'll have 15 days to look these over and *then* decide. If I do not wish to continue, I'll simply return Lessons 3 & 4, and pay nothing, owe nothing. And you will promptly refund my $5 Registration Fee.

If I wish to continue with the course, you will send me the remaining lessons at the rate of 2 lessons approximately every 3 weeks. You will bill me only $10 (plus a small charge for shipping and handling) for each of the 27 lessons.

In any case, the first 2 lessons will be mine to keep free of charge. *No salesperson will ever call on me.*

Mr., Miss, Mrs., Ms. (Please print) 89003

Address Apt. No.

City State Zip

Phone ( )
In case we have a question.

☐ **$5 Registration Fee enclosed (pay to Hume Financial Education Services)**

Or, use my VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐

Account Number Expiration Date

Signature (For credit card users only) 814E

CA and GA residents: State sales tax will be charged as applicable.

Assurance of Integrity

We are an independent educational service offering a unique course and successful method for acquiring wealth. We are not a brokerage or insurance company, nor do we make any financial offerings to the public. Our objective is to enable those enrolled in the program to achieve security and financial independence with just those investments most suitable to their particular circumstances.

Tax-Deductible

All payments are tax-deductible if the program is used to make investment or business decisions.

Hume Advisory Board

WILLIAM E. SIMON
63rd Secretary of the U.S. Treasury.

LOUIS RUKEYSER
Host of "Wall $treet Week."

DR. MORTON SHULMAN
Self-made investment millionaire.

ARCHIE R. BOE
Past President of Sears Roebuck.

J. TREVOR EYTON, Q.C.
A Director and Officer of many prominent public corporations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

KENNEDY'S CITIZENS ENERGY

To the editors:

Michael Kinsley's recent piece disparaging me and Citizens Energy is high on opinion but low on fact ("More Hype Than Heat," TRB, December 30). Take natural gas. There is "old" cheap gas, but contrary to Kinsley's charge Citizens has never bought a molecule of it. A small part of our gas has been sold at the pipeline blended rate Kinsley describes. The rest, 95 percent of our volume, was bought, sold, and transported in head-to-head competition with other natural gas companies. When Kinsley says that we would go out of business with decontrol, he doesn't realize that our sales are almost entirely in the only sector of the natural gas market already effectively decontrolled.

Right away we recognized that part of the problem in natural gas was the lack of competition and the need for regulatory reform. From the beginning we have been in Washington representing consumer interests, and precisely because we are in the business our voice has been heard. What we have demonstrated in our business and our advocacy is that competition can lower gas prices for everyone. Citizens alone has saved natural gas users ten million dollars.

Regarding oil, he seems begrudgingly to admit that we have been successful businessmen although he continues to imply that somehow we haven't done it quite squarely. Competition is stiff. Margins are thinner. To keep benefits up and to provide the seed money for new activities, we have had to grow. Should we have just given up?

Instead of pocketing the oil savings—"profits" to others—we have continued to make the benefits available to the poor and the elderly in Massachusetts, saving the state nearly ten million dollars. Yes, we have "hyped" the problem of the poor and the high cost of fuel. As a result a lot of people get fuel assistance who otherwise wouldn't know about it or wouldn't ask for it.

Of course, the article just ignores our other work: conservation services to low-income tenants, schools, hospitals, and other institutions, and a long series of international projects in Costa Rica, Jamaica, Venezuela, and Nigeria.

I understand the limits of business. Government is key. That's one reason I'm running for Congress. But what I also know is that a business can be run to help the poor and the elderly and to push the political process forward. That is what I have spent seven years doing, and I'm proud of it.

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY II
President
Citizens Energy Corporation
Boston, Massachusetts

COHEN ON PIPES

To the editors:

For his fraudulent "review" of my two recent books ("U.S. and Them," October 14), Richard Pipes owes THE NEW REPUBLIC an apology and THE NEW REPUBLIC, assuming that it still believes in factual accuracy and editorial honesty, owes its readers one.

The issue is not that Mr. Pipes found nothing worthy in either book, even though one represents several years of scholarly research on my part. No one who tries to rethink important questions about the Soviet Union can expect a sympathetic or fair response from Mr. Pipes. Nor is it even that he—a Harvard professor who should behave better—defamed my scholarly reputation and political judgment with preposterous charges that I "reshape the record of history and . . . blame Soviet repression and aggression on the West." In many reputable circles, such an attack by Richard Pipes is a badge of honor.

The real issue before THE NEW REPUBLIC is more fundamental: Did Mr. Pipes actually read the two books he agreed to review, or do so more than very cursorily? There is ample evidence in his long diatribe that he did not, beginning with his misstatement of the books' contents and extending to his misrepresentation of my views on almost everything from 1917 to the present.

Consider his astonishing, factually incorrect statement that they are "two books largely devoted to U.S.-Soviet relations." In no respect is this true of *Rethinking the Soviet Experience: Politics and History Since 1917*, which is a scholarly book about Soviet internal developments over the years. Since Mr. Pipes

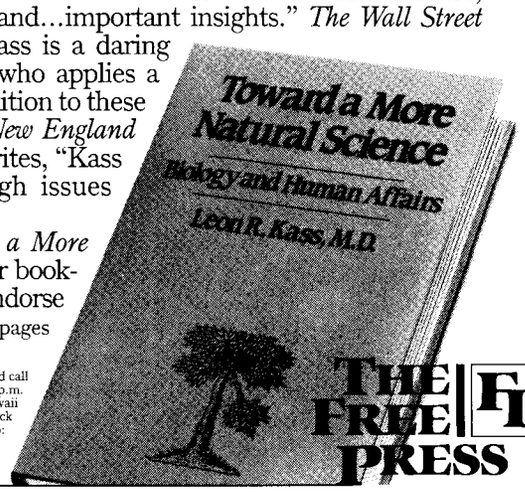
continued on page 41

Endorsed by George Will as "The Year's Best Book."

Back in September, George Will was already calling Leon Kass' *Toward a More Natural Science* "the year's best book." "Bio-medical advances are pulling us rapidly into deep waters, where there are great moral dangers," Will wrote in his syndicated column. "Leon Kass is our society's most skillful navigator on these uncharted oceans."

And George Will isn't alone. *The New York Times*, describing Kass' remarkable look at the moral issues in modern science, writes, "Provocative and...important insights." *The Wall Street Journal* says, "Mr. Kass is a daring and original thinker who applies a thrilling classical erudition to these problems." And the *New England Journal of Medicine* writes, "Kass ...confronts the tough issues head on."

Pick up *Toward a More Natural Science* at your bookstore today. You'll endorse it too. $23.50 / 370 pages



THE FREE PRESS | FP

At bookstores or order from the publisher. To charge by phone to your VISA or MasterCard call toll-free 1-800-257-5755 between 8 a.m. and 6 p.m. Eastern Time (in New Jersey, Alaska, and Hawaii dial direct 1-609-461-6500). Or you may send check or money order plus sales tax where required to: **The Free Press, A Division of Macmillan, Inc. 866 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
FEBRUARY 3, 1986

GOING TO THE SOURCE

The mini-rebellion in the Bolivian village of Ivarzagama seems to be over. On January 7 some 17,000 coca leaf farmers, led by narcotics traffickers, surrounded the camp of the "Leopards" anti-drug police force. The 245-man unit, which is financed by the United States, was pinned down inside for three days. In December the Leopards had entered Ivarzagama, in the Chaparé cocaine-producing region, not long after some 10,000 farmers staged a protest against the Bolivian government's new "voluntary" coca crop reduction program. The locals decided to take action after a recent Leopards bust-up of cocaine paste factories—and after the rape of an Ivarzagama woman by two drunken cops. With the Leopards running low on food and all roads to the Chaparé blocked, the Bolivian government considered sending in troops, but eventually managed to negotiate a peaceful solution. The farmers dispersed, warning the authorities that violence would follow any future "abuses." The Bolivian Embassy in Washington reports that the farmers "have resumed their normal activities—farming coca."

This was hardly the first time that South Americans who live off the drug trade have risen up against the efforts of North Americans to put them out of business. Similar attacks on U.S.-financed anti-drug units have also been reported in neighboring Peru, which produces even more coca paste than Bolivia does. Peruvian cops were so frightened by the resistance in one coca paste-producing town that they called off part of a major anti-drug operation, also funded by the United States. Peru's Maoist Shining Path guerrillas have turned popular resentment toward American-inspired anti-drug efforts into support for their cause. Meanwhile, U.S. efforts to persuade coca farmers in South America to grow other crops have flopped, largely because of peasant resistance. (See "Postcard Peru: The Coke Basket of America" by Charles Lane, December 30.)

As these events illustrate, "going to the source" to stop the flow of cocaine from South America is as politically dicey in the countries that produce cocaine as it is popular in North American congressional districts. Many Americans, including President Reagan, who has declared disrupting the drug trade a top priority of his foreign policy, apparently take comfort in believing that unscrupulous Latins are to blame for our own national coke habit. Some 22 million of us have tried the stuff; five million toot regularly. Politicians like Senator Paula Hawkins of Florida and Representative Charles Rangel of New York have practically built their careers on calls for a big south-of-the-border crackdown. The so-called Hawkins amendment, signed into law in 1983, orders President Reagan to cut off American aid to countries that do not meet American-set drug enforcement targets.

But there's little evidence to suggest that this policy has succeeded, or that it ever will. According to the U.S. National Narcotics Intelligence Consumers' Committee, the amount of cocaine available for export from South America to the United States more than doubled between 1982 and 1984. Last year Colombia and Peru, led by the crusading new government of Alan Garcia, began to take on their drug industries in earnest. But they are still playing catch-up. One basic obstacle in the Andean countries is that governments still exercise little authority in the remote jungle regions where cocaine is produced. Meanwhile, some 40,000 Bolivians have flocked to the Chaparé region in the last three years. The reason is simple. The amount of money peasants can make by cultivating coca, or by helping to process the leaves into cocaine paste, far exceeds what they can get in any other agricultural endeavor. It's not all that surprising that these people would rather fight than switch, especially when you consider that whatever damage their produce may do is felt mostly by rich people in a foreign country.

What's more, judging by the amounts of money the United States is dedicating to the fight, we aren't really all that serious about the war on drugs ourselves. According to Bolivia's interior minister Fernando Barthelemy, the cocaine industry brings $450 million a year to his country's economy—about as much as legal exports. The best estimate of Peru's haul is between $600 million and $800 million a year. Against this, the United States supplied about $4.5 million in police and crop-control assistance to Bolivia last year, and about three million dollars to Peru. Colom-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bia, the center of the smuggling network and a large producer of marijuana and cocaine in its own right, received about ten million dollars. The United States has always conditioned funding increases on the fulfillment of very demanding targets for drug control. And now, says a State Department official, the budget constraints created by Gramm-Rudman make it unlikely that there will be any drug assistance increases this year. The result: units like the Leopards will probably continue to find themselves overmatched by well-heeled, well-armed traffickers.

THE United States may end up putting some drug-producing countries in a very tight spot. Take Bolivia. Last summer, frustrated by the Bolivians' almost complete lack of progress against coke production, Congress passed a second amendment, also sponsored by Senator Hawkins, which threatens a 50 percent cut in American economic assistance unless the government of President Victor Paz Estenssoro meets certain coca crop eradication targets. This threat was the reason for the Leopards' incursion in the Chaparé. Yet even if the government manages by some miracle to meet the targets and save its economic aid, it can't look forward to more money for its hapless police forces. And it will have deeply antagonized a very large portion of its own population. American economic aid ($64.5 million since August) is nothing to sneeze at. But Paz Estenssoro faces numerous daunting problems, such as controlling quadruple-digit inflation and keeping Bolivia's fledgling democracy alive. Under these circumstances, he might some day find it necessary to sacrifice American aid in order to avoid domestic conflict—and to save the cocaine dollars that keep his economy afloat.

American law shouldn't put the fight against drugs at the center of America's relations with countries in which we have other important interests, such as fostering democracy. The Hawkins amendment itself implicitly recognizes this fact by giving the president the right to continue aid to drug-exporting countries when they "cooperate" with U.S. drug control efforts or when he thinks national security makes it necessary. To its credit, the administration has made liberal use of this loophole. But as Bolivia's current situation suggests, Hawkins and others in Congress who look for scapegoats beyond our borders are being tempted into making ever more impatient threats. Better to repeal her amendments before some Latin country calls our bluff on drugs.

To really cut off cocaine at the source, it would take a lot more money and stronger enforcement measures (such as giving arms to foreign anti-drug police, which is forbidden now). Until the United States is willing to take such steps, we can only hope that Latin governments will make the most of their limited resources. Meanwhile, we might turn our attention to the runaway domestic consumption that sustains South America's drug producers. "No nation that contributes to [drug] problems should be considered our friend," says a Senate summary of the argument for the Hawkins amendment. In that sense, America is its own worst enemy.

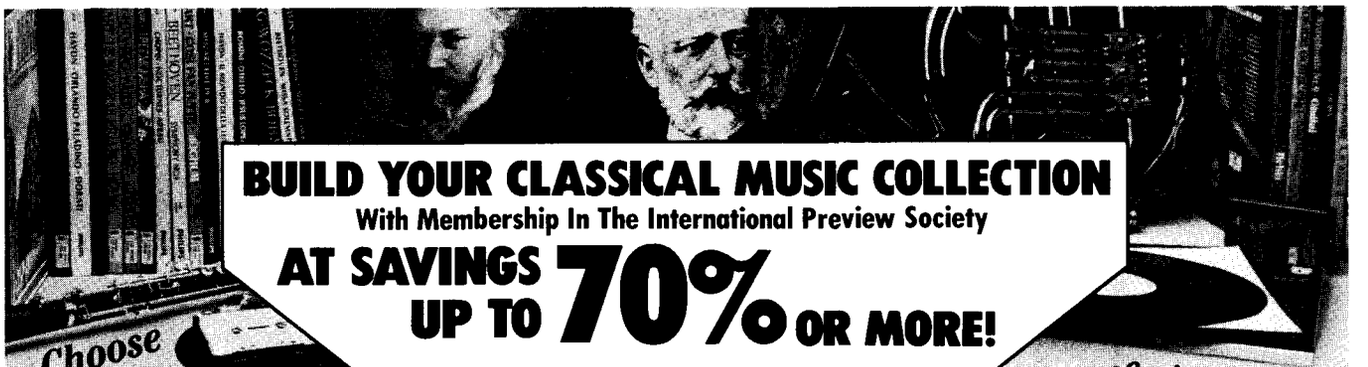
NOTEBOOK

□ JOSEPH KRAFT, 1924-1986: The prestige of the newspaper column has never been greater, and since prestige is often corrupting, the contemporary column seems almost every day more and more given over to partisanship, preening, and phrase-mongering. The death of Joseph Kraft, therefore, marks a loss of great magnitude for the intellectual quality of American opinion-making. Kraft intuitively understood the importance of opinion in an open society, but just as intuitively he understood the full force of the political, commercial, and ideological influences that interfere with the clarity required to form opinions responsibly. And so he betook his supremely scholarly temperament to Washington, to the precincts of "the process" and "the players" of American politics. Rarely in Washington has there been such a splendid mixture of the knowing insider and the inquiring outsider. The striking aspect of Kraft's work is that his columns were written in precisely the spirit of his books. He was, in everything he produced, one of America's great explainers. And, as he wrote in THE NEW REPUBLIC last week in an article about Walter Lippmann written in the final weeks of his life, "By his work in the vineyards of journalism, he did . . . the labor of the Lord."

□ IS IT GOOD FOR THE JEWS? That question is on the lips of Morris B. Abram, a prominent attorney and the chairman of the National Conference on Soviet Jewry. Abram announced last week that his group would agitate for linking arms control with the Soviet Union to Jewish emigration. If Abram seriously means to suggest that progress toward the prevention of a nuclear war by means of arms control should await more Jewish visas, well, his suggestion is outrageous, and an embarrassment. Assuming that arms control is a contribution, large or small, to the good fortune of the world (an assumption Mr. Abram also must make, if his proposed blackmail is to have any power to persuade), most Jews will agree that the good fortune of the world is rather a more urgent matter even than the good fortune of the Jews. And what about other groups that remain hostages of Soviet totalitarianism: Are they less important than the Jews? May we be sloppier with their fate? No, the question of arms control must be debated on its own; the stakes are too high to cloud and confuse the issue as Mr. Abram proposes.

□ NOBODY EVER WENT BROKE overestimating the willingness—nay, eagerness—of journalists to service the Reagan administration's slightest desires. For example, during the 1984 campaign White House officials worried that voters had concerns about the president's health. They quickly cooked up an article on bodybuilding by that devoted athlete Ronald Reagan; *Parade* magazine dutifully published it. Now the problem is the public's perception that the president is soft on organized crime. After all, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BUILD YOUR CLASSICAL MUSIC COLLECTION

With Membership In The International Preview Society

AT SAVINGS UP TO 70% OR MORE!

NO FURTHER OBLIGATION TO BUY—EVER!

10-DAY FREE AUDITION

Choose either...

3 Digital Single Albums for just $1 each

(plus shipping & handling)

ALL SINGLE ALBUMS AVAILABLE ON COMPACT DISC

Dvořák, Symphony No. 9 (From The New World) Chicago Symphony/ Solti. London DIGITAL 115168

America, The Dream Goes On The Boston Pops led by John Williams. Philips DIGITAL 115134

Saint-Saëns, Conc. No. 3; Wieniawski, Conc. No. 2 Perlman, violin. DG DIGITAL 115268

Bach, Organ Works Daniel Chorzempa, organ. Toccata & Fugue, others. Philips DIGITAL 115193

Wagner, Orchestral Highlights From The Ring Vienna Phil./Solti. London DIGITAL 115426

Brahms, 21 Hungarian Dances Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra/ Abbado. DG DIGITAL 115408

Vivaldi, The 4 Seasons Standage, violin. English Concert/Pinnock. Archiv DIGITAL 115356

James Galway & Henry Mancini: In The Pink *The Pink Panther,* more. RCA DIGITAL 151758

The Canadian Brass: High, Bright, Light And Clear Baroque favorites. RCA DIGITAL 144529

Falla, Nights In The Gardens Of Spain; more Alicia de Larrocha, piano. London DIGITAL 115410

Carmen (Film Highlights) Migenes-Johnson, Domingo/Maazel. Erato DIGITAL 154105

Sousa, Stars & Stripes Forever Philip Jones Ensemble/Howarth. London DIGITAL 115051

Sunday In The Park With George Grammy-winning Original Cast Album. RCA DIGITAL 154014

Romantic Organ Music Peter Hurford plays Brahms, Mendelssohn, more. Argo DIGITAL 115221

Mozart, Symphonies Nos. 40 & 41 (Jupiter) Chicago Symphony/ Levine. RCA DIGITAL 104810

Pavarotti: Mamma Title song, *Vieni sul mar, Vivere,* others. London DIGITAL 115310

Kiri te Kanawa: Mozart, Opera Arias London Symphony/Davis. Philips DIGITAL 115097

Mozart, Piano Conc. Nos. 12 & 20 Rudolf Serkin; London Sym./ Abbado. DG DIGITAL 115062

Debussy, La Mer; Nocturnes Boston Symphony Orchestra/Davis. Philips DIGITAL 115068

Horowitz At The Met Scarlatti, Chopin, Liszt & Rachmaninoff. RCA DIGITAL 151876

How You Build Your Classical Music Library

You start saving now with fabulous record or cassette collector's sets or 3 digital single records, cassettes or compact discs at their low introductory prices. Then about every four weeks you'll receive Preview, the Society's magazine, plus six special sale issues—19 in all! There is never an obligation to buy, but if you want the Main Selection, do nothing. It will come to you automatically. Or you may order an alternate or no selection by telling us on a Notification Card always provided and returning it by the date on it. You always have at least 10 days to decide but if you don't, and the Main Selection is sent without your wanting it; return it at our expense. Cancel at any time by writing to us. Or remain a member and enjoy 50% Bonus savings on the world's finest classical music!

Attention Compact Disc Collectors: All 20 single recordings above also available on Compact Disc. Just check the CD Box on coupon.

(CD members serviced by the Compact Disc Club. Some aspects vary. Full details will follow with same 10-day no obligation, return privilege.)

IPS 510

or choose...

up to 3 Multi-Album Collector's Sets At Fabulous Introductory Prices

(plus shipping & handling)

MULTI-ALBUM SETS	ORDER NUMBER	SUGGESTED LIST PRICE	YOU PAY ONLY	You Save
Beethoven, The 9 Symphonies, Karl Böhm, Vienna Philharmonic, 8 Records or 6 Cassettes, Deutsche Grammophon	205040	$79.84	**$14.98**	81%
Schubert, The 10 Symphonies, Neville Marriner, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, 7 Records or 5 Cassettes Philips DIGITAL	215041	$48.86	**$12.98**	73%
RCA/MET—100 Singers, 100 Years, *Monaural,* 8 Records or 8 Cassettes RCA	254259	$69.95	**$14.98**	79%
Mozart Symphonies, Vol. 6 (Late), Hogwood, The Academy of Ancient Music, 4 Records or 3 Cassettes L'Oiseau-Lyre DIGITAL	215091	$39.92	**$ 9.98**	75%
Handel, Messiah, Monteverdi Choir, English Baroque Soloists led by John Eliot Gardiner, 3 Records or 3 Cassettes Philips DIGITAL	215049	$29.94	**$ 7.98**	74%

MAIL TO: International Preview Society • P.O. Box 91406 • Indianapolis, IN 46291

☐ **Yes!** Please accept my membership in The International Preview Society and rush me, **either** the multi-album collector's sets at their remarkable introductory members' prices **or** three digital single recordings for just $1 each, and bill me later.

I understand that at the end of my **free 10-day audition,** I may return my introductory selections and owe nothing, or take advantage of the fabulous savings and keep them under the terms outlined in this offer. **As a society member, I am never under any obligation to buy any future recordings.** (A shipping/handling charge and applicable sales tax added to each shipment.)

☐ **DIGITAL SINGLE ALBUMS** *(Also available on Compact Disc!)*

Check One: PR ☐ **Records** PR ☐ **Cassettes** AR ☐ **Compact Discs**

Rush me these 3 single albums (order by number).

or

☐ **MULTI-ALBUM SETS** Save on **1-2-** or **3** collector's sets.

Check One: ☐ **Records** ☐ **Cassettes**

(Sorry, no more than 3 at these prices.)

Rush me these sets. (order by number). PP PT PU

☐ MR. ☐ MRS. ☐ MISS First Name Initial / Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS APT.

CITY STATE ZIP

TELEPHONE ( ) Area Code

Please sign here

Offer good in continental USA only; one membership per family. All applications subject to review, and we reserve the right to reject any applications or request additional information.

VBS38 P-NV P-PR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cabinet officer (Ray Donovan) has been indicted for doing business with the mob in New York; a presidential adviser (Paul Laxalt) has gone to court over allegations about mob connections; and the Justice Department has declined to prosecute a union leader and Reagan supporter (Jackie Presser) known to have directed a mob-controlled pension fund. So the president's aides commissioned a White House underling to write a stupefying article called "Declaring War on Organized Crime" and slapped the president's byline on it. The editors of the *New York Times Magazine*, apparently eager to match the editorial standards of *Parade*, published the piece in their January 12 issue. The *Times Magazine* editors are now reportedly dickering for Reagan's next piece: "How I Cut Pentagon Waste."

White House Watch

Keyhole Historian

IN THEIR FIRST one-on-one meeting at Maison de Sassure in Geneva last November, President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev were not as alone as they thought. In an adjacent anteroom, a small, bearded man hovered by the door with his ear to the keyhole. He could hear surprisingly well, since the keyhole acted as a resonator for the voices on the other side of the door. The bearded fellow was getting an earful that even Secretary of State George Shultz and Donald Regan, the White House chief of staff, were denied. Unfortunately, his time at the keyhole of history didn't last long. After a few minutes a KGB agent came upon him, ear still attached to the door, and brusquely escorted him away.

So what were Reagan and Gorbachev talking about? You'll find out, but not before 1991. That's the anticipated completion date for the one-volume biography of Reagan by historian Edmund Morris, the man at the keyhole. Morris is no run-of-the-mill biographer. A native of Kenya, now a naturalized American citizen, Morris won a Pulitzer Prize for *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt*, published in 1979. But no more musty documents for him, or at least not as many. Last summer Morris worked out an arrangement with the White House that gives him extraordinary access to the president and the first lady and all their minions, as well as to top-level meetings when dramatic events are unfolding. On the basis of this access and Morris's own lofty reputation, Random House has agreed to pay a reported three million dollars for the Reagan bio.

Press stories on the Reagan-Morris deal said the president chose Morris as his official biographer after reading the Teddy Roosevelt book and meeting Morris. Perhaps that's true, but it's not quite the whole story. Reagan, after all, professes not to care how historians treat him. I'll be dead and they'll distort things, he told an aide recently. Left to his own devices, Reagan probably wouldn't have gone to the trouble of anointing a personal biographer. But he was not left to his own devices. How it happened is a story that comes in three parts.

The first involves Selwa (Lucky) Roosevelt, the chief of protocol in the Reagan administration and the wife of Archibald Roosevelt, Teddy's grandson. A friend of the Reagans, she sent them two books as gifts after Reagan's election in 1980. One was Morris's book on Teddy Roosevelt. The other was a biography of Edith Kermit Roosevelt, Teddy's wife, by Sylvia Jakes Morris, who is Edmund's wife. In an accompanying note, Mrs. Roosevelt told the Reagans: "These are biographies of a devoted couple by a devoted couple to a devoted couple from a devoted couple."

Mrs. Roosevelt had gotten to know the Morrises when they were researching their books. Edmund is now two-thirds of the way through the second of three volumes on Teddy Roosevelt; Sylvia has moved on to working on a biography of Clare Boothe Luce. "I'm a great admirer of Edmund," Selwa Roosevelt said. "When I'm an admirer, I'll do anything to help someone." She decided she wanted to help Edmund become Reagan's biographer, though he hadn't expressed any interest in this. In 1981, though, the Morrises moved to a condominium on Capitol Hill to make their research on Roosevelt and Luce easier. This also made Mrs. Roosevelt's task easier. And in July she got the Morrises and Mrs. Reagan together at a luncheon.

IT WENT WELL. At one point Sylvia commented how awful it was for a biographer that Edith Roosevelt had destroyed every letter Teddy had sent her. Mrs. Reagan said she'd save her husband's letters. Later Mrs. Roosevelt wrote Mrs. Reagan and urged her to have the Morrises invited to a state dinner. They were; it was for Egyptian president Anwar Sadat. Morris met Reagan for the first time there, but they scarcely talked. In October 1982 they talked at length at a luncheon at which Teddy Roosevelt's Nobel Prize was given to the White House. The chat—they were seated next to each other in the Roosevelt Room—was "revelatory," says Morris. "I remember talking to him a lot about the extraordinary parallels between the congressional elections that year and 1902." In both, the GOP was in power and faced large losses. In 1902 "the president decided to make political capital out of his enormous popularity" by campaigning around the country, says Morris. "I was suggesting the same technique might work in 1982. . . . He sat very quietly absorbing it all and then talked about his memories of the New Deal years."

Having gotten the president and Morris together, Mrs. Roosevelt faded from the story, which leads to part two. The main character here is Richard Darman, the deputy chief of staff in Reagan's first term and now deputy treasury secretary. Among other things, Darman was the paper-flow man at the White House. Every letter, memo, etc., that went to Reagan came through his office. Darman also has something of an academic bent—he lectured on public policy at Harvard in the late 1970s—and he worried

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Verification (ver´ə-fi-kā´shən) n.

Photo: *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*

4. Why we work our authors hard and how that's good for you

You may not recognize all of **FOREIGN POLICY**'s authors at first. We select only the most ingenious. Sometimes even before they're well known.

Then we work them hard. To get you the liveliest, most sharply argued articles on foreign affairs that can be published. Anywhere.

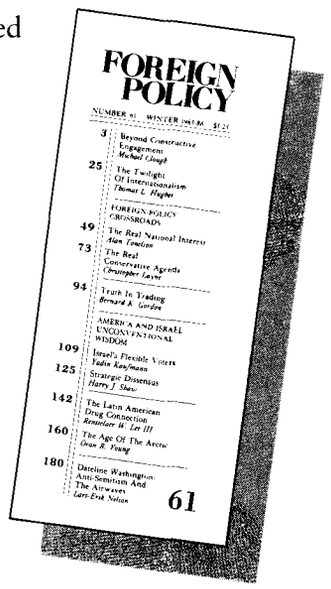
We check our authors' facts. And recheck them. And their sources. To provide you with the best in international policy debate.

FOREIGN POLICY's articles probe, define, and determine America's role in global affairs. So we have to work our authors hard. And make sure their work is verifiable.

FOREIGN POLICY's journalism is just that. And reliable. And sometimes volatile. Because we value our readers. And their time.

Our first obligation is to you.

FOREIGN POLICY includes articles by the famous and soon-to-be famous. From the established figures to the brilliant comers.* On topics from South Africa and international trade to the new Soviet leadership. And the letters-to-the-editor column lets readers ask experts their tough questions—directly.



FOREIGN POLICY has been called one of the "bibles of international politics," "provocative," and "readable." "**FOREIGN POLICY** offers diverse but authoritative perspectives" and "consistently attracts the most impressive authors on current affairs."

But see for yourself.

Try **FOREIGN POLICY** quarterly at this special introductory price and let us know if you agree. We can guarantee the quality. And a refund if you don't. Because these days, on some issues, if you're wrong, you could be dead.

*Like the one in the photograph. Not one of our authors, but we surely would have spotted him.

FOREIGN POLICY—$15.75 for one year. New subscribers only.
Offer expires April 15, 1986.
P.O. Box 984 • Farmingdale, New York 11737 • (202) 797-6428

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about the view of the Reagan White House that historians would get from the documentary record. It is voluminous and computerized, but potentially misleading. Fearing leaks, Reagan and his aides conducted much of their business orally. A historian would see a piece of paper with arguments for different options and a Reagan check mark beside one of them. But often Reagan decided on an option for reasons not in the written record. Nor would the "real Reagan" come through, the guy who changed the nation's sense of itself by the strength of his personality.

Darman discussed his concerns with Michael K. Deaver, the White House aide with the closest personal relationship with the Reagans. Deaver, too, was concerned that history would treat Reagan's subjective qualities of leadership too lightly. Thus, Darman and Deaver set up a White House group that included a publisher friend of the Reagans, White House counsel Fred Fielding, and Daniel Boorstin, the distinguished historian who is librarian of Congress. Darman pushed the idea of having a group of historians question the president every week. That Q&A would broaden the documentary record. Boorstin is in favor of a historian-in-residence at the White House. The Darman group also discussed historians for a Reagan book. They wanted a younger writer who would have plenty of time to spend on the project, and two names stood out—Morris and George Nash, the biographer of Herbert Hoover. But both were busy on other projects.

THE NEXT STEP was a dinner in 1983 at the Capitol Hill home of Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon, an amateur historian of the presidency. "It was designed to gang up on Reagan," said a Reagan aide. A group of historians was invited, including Morris, Nash, Boorstin, Frank Friedel, biographer of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Arthur Link, biographer of Woodrow Wilson. Each historian spoke, stressing the importance to historians of a rich and complete archival record. Reagan, whose personal writings as president consist only of remarks edited into speeches and a few unrevealing diary notes, was urged to write down his thoughts regularly. The president initially took a humble tack, asking why anybody would want to write about him. Then he seemed to get more serious. But nothing came of the meeting.

Part three is a solo performance by Morris. He was never interested in being a historian-in-residence. "The danger is you immediately become one of the team," he says. "You become partisan. You lose your independence. To a certain extent, that's what happened to Arthur Schlesinger," who worked in the Kennedy White House, then wrote about Kennedy's presidency. Even after talking at length with Reagan, "I really felt no strong desire to do this," Morris says. "I was having enormous creative problems with T.R. [volume two on Teddy's presidency]. I couldn't contemplate taking on another president."

But he was intrigued by Reagan, noting ways in which Reagan is like Teddy Roosevelt. "The main one is, here are two men who in the course of their lives traveled from one end of the political spectrum to the other, yet remained the same person in doing so and at the same time retained their own constituency," Morris says. "Each of them has this uncanny ability to sense or at least express the mood of the American people at a given point in time. And, of course, both have superabundant personal charm, which is translated into power. Personality as power fascinates me."

Morris says he began to warm up to the idea of a Reagan biography on July 4, 1984. By this time the Roosevelt book was "writing itself." While standing on the Capitol steps and watching the fireworks that night, he was suddenly struck by the "air of positivism" in the United States. "It was very euphoric," he says. "I recognized the political strength of the president. I realized he couldn't lose [his reelection bid]."

IN CASE you hadn't already guessed, Morris has an upbeat vision of this country that matches Reagan's. Living in England in 1968, he was struck by the advice of eight British millionaires who were asked on a radio show what a young person should do to get ahead. They all said "emigrate"—and he did that year. "I always wanted to come here for the usual immigrant's reason—to explore one's talents and be rewarded for it."

The clincher for Morris was Reagan's controversial trip last year to the Nazi prison camp at Bitburg. Watching Reagan's speech on television, "I had this powerful longing to be there and record what was going on," he says. "From that moment, I knew I was a goner." Besides, "here was one of the great biographical opportunities of the century going begging." So Morris wrote a letter to the White House proposing a biography. The letter went to Nancy Reagan, not the president. "I knew that she was particularly conscious of the need to establish her husband in history," Morris says. "He's rather more modest than she is about him."

Mrs. Reagan, who liked Morris from their earlier meetings, was enthusiastic about the idea. She wrote back, telling Morris to get in touch with Deaver. He did, outlining his conditions for writing a biography—freedom to come and go at the White House, a monthly interview with Reagan, the chance to go on presidential trips at his own expense, access to Camp David and Rancho del Cielo, access to the Reagan archives. He promised not to write anything until Reagan leaves office. Deaver bought the conditions, but soon Reagan was hospitalized for a cancer operation. The project languished. "I thought it was unseemly to press the matter while he was sick," Morris said. Finally, he wrote Mrs. Reagan again; once more, she said yes. This time he met with Deaver for breakfast and the deal was struck.

Morris is the envy of the White House press corps because he does what they'd like to do. He talks to Reagan, attends White House staff meetings, interviews aides, reads documents. Still, his problem may be access—too much of it for the good of a dispassionate biography. After his stint at the keyhole in Geneva, he was allowed to trail along, notepad in hand, after Reagan and Gorbachev as they walked (and talked) to the Pool House for another

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one-on-one session. Morris isn't worried about falling for Reagan's political appeal. "I'm not a particularly political person," he says. But the vaunted Reagan personality is something else. Morris is plainly taken with the man. "Whether I can resist that charm or deal with it so it doesn't overpower me is my real challenge," he says. That is no small challenge. Just ask the White House press corps.

FRED BARNES

How do you feel about Merv Griffin?

RUNAWAY HATHOLAMUS

THE HUMAN BRAIN. For thousands of years it's been top organ, easily beating out such earlier leaders as feet and stomach. Its intricacies boggle even itself. "Think of it this way," a scientist told me. "If each of your brain cells were a football, there would be enough balls for every amateur and professional game until the year 2373198. *Yet no one could play*, for the playing fields—indeed, the entire globe—would be 27 feet deep in pigskins."

Wow.

Deep within the brain's shadowy recesses, beyond the brake-shoe-shaped corpus callosum, just southeast of the locus of cells that governs your inability to finish reading articles on the toxic wastes Superfund, is a tiny cluster of brain matter whose function, until recently, was unknown to medical men. Called the "hatholamus," this mysterious neurological bud regulates an emotion I have frequently discussed: hathos, the extreme "pleasurable loathing" engendered by the work of schlock celebrities.

For decades, scientists assumed hathos was an acquired trait that first appeared in humans soon after Jerry Lewis split with Dean Martin and evolved into a solo nightclub act. But then, on March 9, 1983, a scientist in the National Institute of Mental Health's Brain Evolution and Behavior Laboratory—in an experiment that enraged animal-rights activists—recorded the reactions of a rhesus monkey to 100 continuous hours of "The Merv Griffin Show."

"Pretty heavy going first 60 hours," he wrote. "Larry snarls, beats forehead, throws self against cage. Medley by Charo seems to 'wipe him out.' Spends next 35 hours on back, staring. Occasional limp raising of right arm. Reaching for channel selector? Last show, G.'s first guest: sapmeister Leo Buscaglia—'Dr. Hug.' My neocortical response: 'What a jerk,' etc. Larry asleep. G. asks, 'We should love *everybody*, Leo?' 'Why not?' Audience applauds. My reaction is fierce: 'Yeah, why not?' I find self nodding, agreeing, standing up & applauding his arg. that 'if world leaders wld only get together & *hug* each other,' world problems wld turn out O.K. Later I sob joyfully when G. says, ' "Special" is a word I guess you're used to by now, isn't it?' "

Yes, the researcher became the subject of his own experiment. All that remained of his "pleasure/loathing" center was a shadowy spot on a CAT scan. In layman's terms, through a complex cross-wiring of the brain's one million miles of connections, his hatholamus accidentally hooked up with the darkest regions of his unconscious, got involved in some action way too heavy for it to handle, and blew up. By proving its existence, he had, in effect, destroyed himself. Today he is a creative consultant for Metromedia.

This discovery fascinated me when I first read of it in *Your Brain and You*. Years before I had ever heard the word "hathos," or had grasped the concept intellectually—dating back to my earliest memories of angrily/happily throwing Tinker Toys at "The Patty Duke Show"—I had suspected that hathos was a product of nature, not nurture.

AT THE TIME, I did not think of my condition as a sickness. Only today do I see how I was enslaved by the unchecked gushings of a runaway hatholamus. In junior high the boyish pursuits of other lads my age—shooting each other with BB guns, pouring salt on snails, assembling pipe bombs—did not interest me. Instead I stayed indoors, tracking the Gabor sisters in *TV Guide*. In high school I sat pop-eyed in front of "Starsky and Hutch" and "One Day At a Time."

College was no different. On a typical Saturday night one of my few friends would bound into my dorm room proposing some outrageous new stunt. "Say, Heard, let's off. The Prexy's sponsoring a big conflag on his front lawn in honor of the Homecoming win. While it's doing we can sneak into the SAE house and hacksaw their water lines."

"No, no, old boy," I'd say, tamping my pipe. "I'll remain here in the quadrangle. 'Love Boat' in one-half hour, you know."

All of which fades, each day, into ever-dimming memory. One month ago I experienced an eerie tingling sensation that heralded a case of viral brain fever. There is one ethical principle I refuse to violate—that is, never to make light of my own suffering—so I will not dwell on what it was like. The major symptoms were constant dizziness, melancholia, and loss of reading ability.

So I gave it up and spent three weeks watching daytime television—game shows, soaps, reruns, Phil, Merv, Gary Collins ("Hour Magazine"), and a new hostess named "Sally" who, the day I watched, ringmastered a frank discussion on "penal implants."

What should have been a wonderful vacation became a nightmare. Guest shots that would have normally delighted me—Sammy Davis Jr. sharing memories from five decades in the business of show, Kate Jackson and Bruce Boxleitner jabbering about the gravity of "their work" in "Scarecrow and Mrs. King"—triggered bodily writhing, stomach spasms, and hours of uncontrollable stream of consciousness about life, death, and man's inhumanity to daytime television viewers. There was no pleasure mixed in.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I am told that recent events like ABC's "North and South" miniseries, the TV movie starring Lucille Ball as a bag lady, and the daily media barrage accompanying the Royal Visit would have rendered the old me hathotically ecstatic. A friend who wants me back "the way I was" insists that the Visit was the most hathotic event in American history. True, I admit to experiencing mild pleasure at the sight of Washington's social elite, in the manner of the Luggnaggians in *Gulliver's Travels*, crawling belly-first toward the throne, licking the floor as they go. On the other hand, I would do the same thing. Prince Charles is a handsome, charming, intelligent, action-oriented man. Princess Diana is among the most captivating female personalities in world history.

Is the damage irreversible? The doctor who tested me thinks so. First he played what he apparently considered highly hathotic music. "One Tin Soldier" (the theme from *Billy Jack*). Tony Randall's version of "Send in the Clowns." Sinatra's "New York, New York." Anthony Newley's "MacArthur Park." Styx's "Lady." Kenny Rogers's "Lady." Nothing. He tried videotapes. Lauren Bacall in *Applause*. Dudley Moore's drunk scenes in *Arthur*, *Unfaithfully Yours*, and *Micki & Maude*. Michael Landon's "Highway to Heaven" pilot. Mike Farrell's one-man show as JFK. Jessica Lange's farm testimony on Capitol Hill. And—he called it "the big kahuna"—the emotion-packed Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis reunion during the 1983 muscular dystrophy telethon.

I felt something surging inside me. I asked the doctor to replay the Martin and Lewis tape. He did.

"Those two . . ." Gasping, I stopped. I simply could not find the words to express the emotion.

"Yes, Mr. Heard. What about them?"

"Those two . . . have done *so* much for the entahtainment business."

ALEX HEARD

Alex Heard's head is back to normal now.

'Let the word go forth.'

CITIZEN KENNEDY

ON JANUARY 20 it will have been a quarter of a century since the young president stood bareheaded in the cold, and gave an inaugural address of such brilliance and power that Sam Rayburn pronounced it "better than anything Franklin Roosevelt said at his best—it was better than Lincoln." Four of the presidents since then have given six inaugural addresses. We can remember not a word from any of them, nothing of the bearing of the men or the atmosphere of the ceremony. The inaugural address of John F. Kennedy can be quoted by those who were not even born at the time.

"And so, my fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country." There is no one who thinks that those words were said by Richard Nixon or Ronald Reagan, and all efforts to play on them have always failed. Despite their familiarity, they are not shopworn. They were—they still are—the key words of the inaugural. You could put aside everything else about standing on the walls of freedom round the world, and you would still be left with that remarkable summons to the citizens of the Republic.

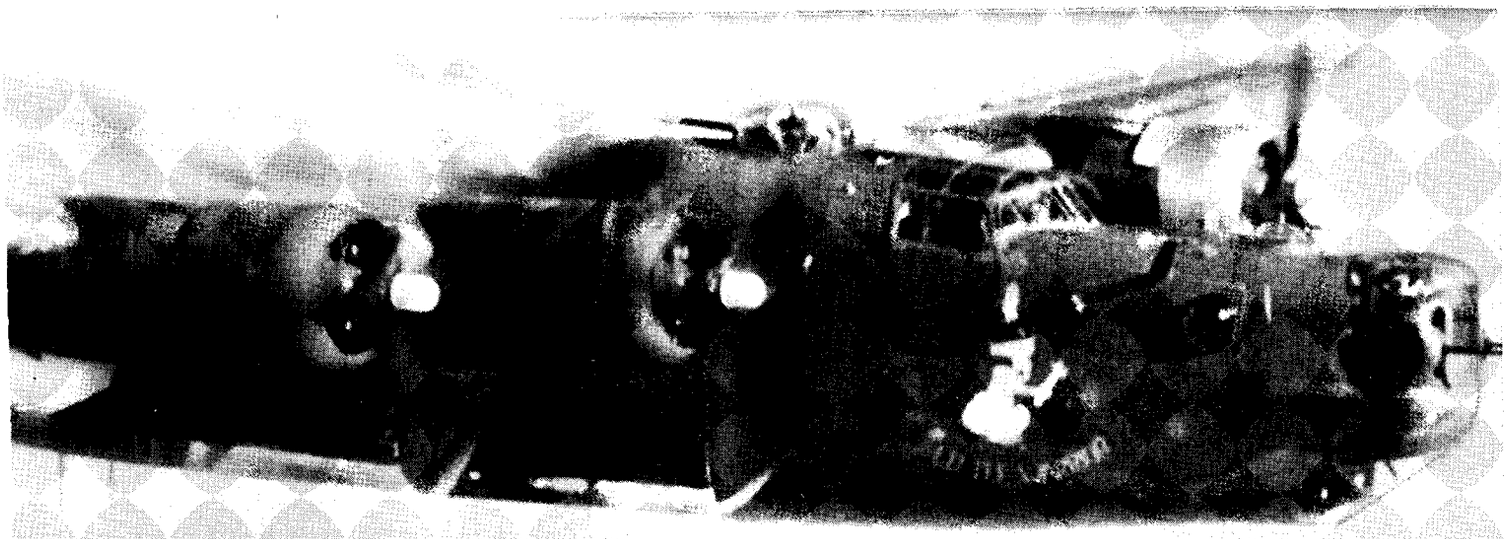
Ideas in politics must sometimes go underground for a while; the time is not favorable to them. But underground they gather new energy and still work their way into the roots of the nation's life, until the people again feel the need for them. One day some new president will find other words to summon the people from their private pursuits to remember their obligations to the Union, the Republic, the *Res Publica*—the state.

IT IS ASTONISHING to read again the almost liturgical language in which Kennedy fashioned, sentence by sentence, his call to the American people. He began at once with a series of the rhetorical antitheses he got from Theodore Sorensen, who wrote most of his major speeches: "We observe today not a victory of party, but a celebration of freedom, symbolizing an end as well as a beginning, signifying renewal as well as change." Of course it was exactly "a victory of party" that was being celebrated, but every new American president has to disown politics at his inauguration. In that opening sentence, past, present, and future were brought together to proclaim a universal mission: ". . . the same revolutionary beliefs for which our forebears fought are still at issue around the globe." The mission had been made universal in time and space.

"Let the word go forth" (whose spine does not tingle still at the archaism, the almost Old Testament archaism?) "from this time and place, to a new generation of Americans born in this century" (like JFK), "tempered by war" (the Second World War had not yet passed into history), "disciplined by a hard and bitter peace" (the Cold War was made to seem like an occasion for national regeneration), "proud of our ancient heritage" (the mission was given the authority of the past), "and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today, at home and around the world" (the whole, wide world).

There was one decision that was all-important, an understandable but revealing and radical mistake. Working on the early drafts of the speech at Palm Beach, Kennedy was dissatisfied with each attempt to outline a domestic program. On January 16, when work on the final draft began, he decided to make no mention of domestic questions. Not only was foreign affairs his dominant interest; as a politician he always trod warily among the interests

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LET YOUR VCR TAKE YOU ON THE MOST DARING AND DANGEROUS COMBAT OPERATIONS OF WORLD WAR II.

WORLD WAR II WITH WALTER CRONKITE

Narrated by Walter Cronkite

World War II. You've seen the Hollywood version a hundred times over. Now prepare for the real thing. In "Air War Over Europe," your introduction to the landmark series, WORLD WAR II WITH WALTER CRONKITE, you'll join Allied flyers on some of their roughest bombing missions.

Through graphic combat footage taken by both sides, you'll follow them all the way from briefing room to target. You'll see and hear just what they did, as flak and attacking fighters fill the sky. And each mission is a story in itself.

In Episode I, "Target: Ploesti," the plan called for 177 B-24 bombers to avoid German radar by flying all 1,200 miles to the Ploesti oil refineries at treetop level. But when a navigational error takes them over the headquarters of the German Air Defense Command, a brilliant surprise attack becomes one of the most costly air battles of the war.

In Episode II, "Raid on Schweinfurt," you'll witness the first major American air strike deep inside Germany. Flying far beyond the range of Allied fighter protection, 28 B-17s are shot down before even reaching the target, in a battle that tests the limits of human endurance.

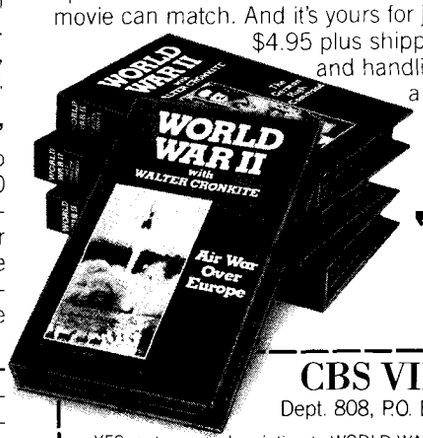
In Episode III, "Counterblast: Hamburg," you'll board a U-boat on the attack and see firsthand why U-boat manufacturing plants were priority targets. In just one raid, the RAF put up 800 bombers. How they managed to jam German radar, get the Luftwaffe to defend the wrong city and hit the target with such deadly accuracy is one of the war's great success stories.

And in Episode IV, "Guided Missile," you'll see Hitler's V-1 and V-2 rockets in development at his secret Peenemunde research base, and unleashed at hidden launching sites...go on the spectacular RAF nighttime raid that leveled Peenemunde...view the onslaught as Spitfires chase V-1s while supersonic V-2s rain down on London. And rare footage reveals the long-range V-9 being test-launched. Its proposed target: the United States!

In all, "Air War Over Europe" adds up to 90 minutes of excitement no movie can match. And it's yours for just $4.95 plus shipping and handling, a full $45 off its regular price, with your subscription to the series.

As a subscriber, you'll receive future videocassettes, one every other month, always for 10-day free examination. Each shows you a new and exciting side of the war, in episodes like "Suicide Run To Murmansk," "The Doolittle Raid" and "The Plots Against Hitler." Each videocassette is $49.95 plus shipping and handling. There is no minimum number you must buy and you can cancel your subscription at any time.

So if you enjoy this kind of danger-filled high adventure, mail the coupon today. Or for faster service, use your credit card to order and call **toll-free 1-800-457-0866** (in Indiana call 1-800-742-1200).



CBS VIDEO TAPE LIBRARY 1400 North Fruitridge Avenue, Terre Haute, IN 47811

NOW ON VIDEOCASSETTE EXCLUSIVELY FROM THE CBS VIDEO LIBRARY

"AIR WAR OVER EUROPE" FOR ONLY $4.95

plus shipping and handling with subscription.

CBS VIDEO LIBRARY

Dept. 808, P.O. Box 1111, Terre Haute, IN 47811

YES, enter my subscription to WORLD WAR II under the terms described in this ad. Send me *Air War Over Europe* at the introductory price of $4.95 plus $2.45 shipping and handling, which I am paying as indicated below (*fill in*). Also send me future cassettes (at $49.95 plus $2.45 shipping and handling) on 10 days approval, with no obligation to purchase.

Check One: ☐ **VHS** ☐ **BETA** Check How Paying:

☐ **CHECK ENCLOSED** for $7.40* ($4.95 + $2.45). Future cassettes billed with shipment). A92

☐ **CREDIT CARD.** Charge my series purchases, beginning with $7.40* for my first cassette to: ☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Diners Club A93

Account No. _____ Expires _____

Signature _____ PHONE ( ) _____

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
(please print)

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NOTE: All subscriptions subject to review. CBS Video Library reserves the right to reject or cancel any subscription. Offer limited to continental U.S. (excluding Alaska) and Canada. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto.
***Applicable sales tax added to all orders.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that have to be reconciled on domestic policy. But in a last-minute addition to the speech, he added that human rights must be defended as well "at home." This was as far as he would go in meeting the criticism that he was avoiding the issue of civil rights. The address would have seemed a great deal less martial if he had leavened it with some real attention to people's concerns at home.

Already universal, the mission was now made boundless: "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, in order to assure the survival and the success of liberty. This much we pledge—and more." What more could be pledged?

You cannot just take snippets for a book of quotations from this speech. It was knit together with every word reinforcing, expanding every other. So it went on: "the graves of young Americans . . . around the globe"; "a grand and global alliance"; "only a few generations have been granted the role . . ."; "maximum danger"; "long twilight struggle"; "patient in tribulation"; "strength and sacrifice." By then who could resist the final call: "And so, my fellow Americans . . ."?

THE LANGUAGE, the elevated sense of purpose, the incitement to a limitless mission, still seem as dangerous and misplaced in a democracy in peacetime as they have always seemed to me. And yet—and yet—how we need something of that voice now. I still do not like the reckless wording, the implications, of the "ask not . . ." sentence. And yet it calls us with a summons that America and the West pine to hear again, after Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan. John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson were the last two presidents who in their inaugurations addressed the American people as if they were citizens.

It is rather an old-fashioned word: "citizen." When you hear it now, you think of classes in civics; or your mind reaches back to the Funeral Oration of Pericles, or to the Romans who did more to elevate the idea of citizenship than any other people, or to the Founding Fathers, or to Lincoln, or to the New Deal—and the Second World War. You don't hear the word "citizen" and then think of Grenada.

What passes for conservatism now in America, in the administration or outside it, has all but dispensed with the idea of citizenship. No political leader can expect the American people—or the British, French, or German people—to sacrifice their lives and their treasures overseas if they are asked to sacrifice little of their private greed and pleasures at home. You are not going to get a people to fight for the freedom of Indians in the Punjab if they've been told they may forget the plight of the Indians on the Pine Ridge reservation. There is a direct, unequivocal relationship between the Americans of the New Deal and the Americans who then returned to Europe to march over the whitened bones of their fathers. The citizen is public; he cannot be addressed as private.

Behind every overseas enterprise of a democracy, there must be a sense of compassion: "These people must be saved—even with our own lives." Democracies will not for long go to war for less. But what if the springs of compassion are dried up at home? What if the citizens have been told they need feel no compassion for their fellow citizens? If they have been told that if they make enough money it will trickle down and help the whole society? Then why not let it trickle down and help all those people abroad? See how much money the American people would contribute to a Christmas appeal for the *contras*! And so, you fellow Americans, buy your condominium and your Volvo—that's your war effort.

Norman Podhoretz wrote a column the other day, and I agreed wholeheartedly with its general drift: that people have been given far too many excuses to escape the responsibility for their own lives. But then at the end there came an attack on the idea of compassion: we are too compassionate of others, of their failings, of ourselves, of our own failings. It seemed, as I read it, wholly gratuitous to introduce this harsh, unlovely note. But it reflected a need in these former Democrats and liberals not just to correct the mistakes of their former allies, but to pull down the whole temple of concern for others they built over the years. Is it really necessary to reject civic consciousness, of which compassion for one's less fortunate fellow citizens is the ultimate binding cement, to be a conservative or neoconservative?

The educating fact about John Kennedy is that, although throughout his presidency he tried to avoid the domestic questions that would have brought him political difficulties, his own sense of mission, as defined in the inaugural address, again and again forced him to act, and usually to act to the right end. There was also his sense of the majesty of the office, and that is a contribution to the idea of citizenship as well, for although no one can be very happy about Robert Kennedy's use of the Department of Justice, there was no way that John Kennedy could have appointed a John Mitchell as attorney general.

PERHAPS only a schoolboy's education makes me echo the Roman insistence on the three great civic virtues: *dignitas, gravitas, pietas*. But Kennedy's inaugural address, even though too elevated, reminded us of those virtues; and to a great extent so did his presidency, with all its mistakes. In contrast, the current administration has drained, drop by drop, almost all *dignitas* and *gravitas* and *pietas* from the public discourse in America. With the idea of citizenship all but submerged in appeals to private pursuits, private satisfactions, the private sector, the most Reagan could hope to lead against a real enemy would be a herd of the Gadarene swine.

The Democratic impulse needed correction: no one now sensibly denies that. It has not only been corrected—it has been over-corrected. The Union needs to be put again before the States. The public sector needs to be brought back refreshed to direct the private sector. The citizen needs to be called out of his worries about how to live on $85,000 a year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will any Democrat before 1986 be unafraid enough, not to use the language of John Fitzgerald Kennedy 25 years ago, but to find in it the inspiration to create his own summons to the citizen that is appropriate to the last 12 years of the 20th century? I sadly doubt it. But in the next two years will one please try? If the American is not public, what's left of the Republic?

HENRY FAIRLIE

Lessons from South Africa.

HOW TO COW THE PRESS

Johannesburg

IT'S A TRUISM THAT the press reflects the society in which it exists. So with South Africa in disarray and with personal liberties in acute decline, it is no surprise that the press is in a state of decay. As the turmoil grows, South Africans are told less and less about what is happening in their country. Government clamps are a prime reason for the lack of information. But also playing a major role is the press's failure to publish—because of fear, or servile adherence to the government, or sheer ignorance of events.

The news restrictions have not come about overnight. The process has been under way ever since the Nationalists took control of the (all-white) Parliament in 1948 and began the step-by-step imposition of apartheid. They crushed resistance, each time giving the state, and themselves, increased power to do so.

The press has suffered from this as much as any individual. No censors sit in newspaper offices. Instead, a sophisticated and pervasive network of laws, rules, and practices built up over the years forces editors to do their own censoring. Anyone can publish what he likes—provided he is prepared to pay the price, whether a heavy fine, imprisonment, or the closing down of his paper. Defiance is rare.

The restrictions can be roughly divided into three overlapping categories.

The first stems from laws that curtail individual freedoms, and drag the press along willy-nilly. The most notable is the Suppression of Communism Act, enacted in 1948, now called the Internal Security Act. Its original purpose was to proscribe the Communist Party of South Africa and to drive Communists out of trade union office. That accomplished, the Suppression of Communism Act became the bedrock on which all future government repression rested. Its ambit was extended, it was made as immune as possible to intervention by the courts, and it was applied to anyone who proved too zealous in opposing the government, including liberals noted as much for their opposition to communism as to Afrikaner Nationalist racism.

The press has been affected not only because "banned" people—those served with administrative decrees—are usually barred from entering newspaper premises, but also because they are not allowed to write for publication and nothing they say can be reported. There are few banned people at present (the government has been using other methods of control, such as indefinite detention), but in previous years as many as 800 people were involved at one time, plus others who appeared on separate lists of those who could not be quoted.

It has been newspaper practice to keep index card files of the banned with different colors to denote the different types of listings, always bearing in mind that the spelling of the names of blacks can vary. On one occasion a newspaper was warned of possible prosecution because in its daily "Looking Back" column it quoted a sentence uttered by a Communist member of Parliament 25 years earlier. If nothing else, it was a reminder that the security police were devoted readers of the newspaper. Last year another paper was hauled into court for quoting the leader of the African National Congress as saying "no comment" in reply to a question put to him. (The government eventually dropped the prosecution.)

This elimination of significant segments of public opinion from public scrutiny has been accentuated by the Unlawful Organizations Act, which since 1960 has not only proscribed two black organizations, the African National Congress and the Pan Africanist Congress, but has also made it an offense to publish anything that might "further" their aims. Not that the law applies uniformly: government newspapers have always been able to publish items that would have led to prosecution for the antigovernment press. A test case is now under way: the staunchly antiapartheid *Cape Times* published an interview with the ANC's leader, and its editor has been charged with quoting a banned person.

Newspapers must also watch out for the banning of books. More than 18,000 are prohibited, and it's an offense to quote from any of them. A banned book can be reviewed, provided that not a word from it is used.

THE SECOND CATEGORY of restrictions consists of laws, often tucked into wider laws, specifically aimed at preventing the press from publishing too much. Examples are prohibitions of any details about atomic energy without permission, with a penalty of up to 20 years' imprisonment for offenders; the same prohibitions on publishing any details about oil supplies (a sensitive issue because of international sanctions against South Africa); and a law that makes it a crime to identify or photograph a so-called "key point." No list of "key points" exists, but it might include a strategic installation, such as an oil depot or a factory or a dam storing water.

There is also the blockbuster stipulation in the Defense Act that "no one shall . . . publish any information relating to the composition, movements, or dispositions" of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the South African Defense Force. This law was used to the utmost at the end of 1975 to prevent the South African public from knowing that their sons, at least their white sons, had been launched on a full-scale invasion of Angola, to the north of Namibia. For everyday purposes, the military people maintain a group of officers through whom virtually every detail about defense matters must be cleared for publication.

Other laws at the government's command give it the power to ban newspapers—without having to give reasons—or to require that a heavy financial deposit be made by someone who wants to start a newspaper. If the newspaper is subsequently banned, the deposit is forfeited to the government.

FINALLY, in the third category of restrictions are laws that create gray areas within which editors must decide whether publication might precipitate prosecution. Take the law that makes it an offense to "incite" violence: What wording constitutes incitement? How might a statement by a political leader published today be viewed by a judge in a criminal case six months later? The same applies to the law that makes it an offense to foster racial hostility: What statements from a political platform might stray across the dividing line between lawful and unlawful? Time and again, when faced by the problems of definition, editors apply the adage: when in doubt, leave out.

In the same strain are laws making it an offense to publish information about prisons and the police knowing the information is false or without taking "reasonable" steps to ensure accuracy. That might sound fair, but the practical effects are grossly intimidatory. Publication of information about jails has become somewhat easier in recent years, but where the police are concerned, dominance is given to official accounts of what is supposed to have happened.

That is all the more so because of events this year, starting with the closing down of the *Rand Daily Mail* on April 30. For a quarter-century the *Mail* was the country's leading liberal newspaper, with a vigorous antiapartheid stance and an aggressive approach to the news. It shared the weaknesses of the South African press, including timidity and a lack of qualified staff, but it tried harder than any other paper to report on the totality of South Africa. It was the pacesetter, and with its disappearance the falloff in news coverage was immediate and dramatic.

But even while the *Mail* was still in existence, a disturbing trend was emerging: the widespread nature of unrest made it impossible for any newspaper to ensure adequate coverage of events even in its own geographic area. There are not enough reporters—and even fewer with the skills and experience—to handle all the dangerous and highly charged conflict situations. Increasingly, newspapers have been forced to rely on official bulletins: from educational authorities reporting on boycotts and trouble at sometimes dozens of schools in one day, and from the police reporting on dozens of violent episodes around the country. Police now issue a daily bulletin that lists, or might not list, the episodes of the previous day, fully or partly, accurately or inaccurately. The best that a conscientious newspaper can hope to do is to check some of the reported episodes by means of sampling. The less conscientious—which at best means most, and at worst everyone—simply present the police bulletins as fact.

The case of people detained without trial illuminates the official grip on information. Some time ago the police instituted a system whereby press attempts to find out about detainees are answered only if a specially accredited reporter (a handful on each paper) addresses the questions, and only if the full name, place, and date of birth of the detainee are supplied. Given the uncertainty about the names of black people, and the often chaotic state of ghetto life, that places severe constraints on media efforts.

This is how it works: Joan Nontanda Gqeba, age 14, was arrested on September 19 and held without a trial. A Johannesburg newspaper later heard about it and sent a written inquiry to the police. The police denied that anyone of that name had been detained, and went on denying for two weeks. But Joan's family began court proceedings for her release. She was freed on December 5, before the matter came to court. In making inquiries about her, the newspaper had had one letter wrong in her surname: it had referred to Gceba, instead of Gqeba.

Since July 21, when a state of emergency was declared in a number of areas, the withholding and control of information have become steadily more pronounced. An editor tells me that what worries him is that his newspaper does not even know what it is not reporting: because of the restrictions, it does not send journalists to areas covered by the state of emergency, and so does not know what news it is missing.

Adding to this, since November 2 the government has taken specific action to keep scenes of rioting—and police whipping, beating, teargassing, and shooting—off television screens and front pages abroad by preventing television and still cameramen from entering riot areas. They must seek police permission to enter, which effectively denies them entry. And it doesn't really matter whether an affected area is part of the state of emergency. Journalists say they face being ordered out anywhere if there is trouble. Nor is the restriction confined to the camera. It is becoming routine to keep all journalists out of trouble spots. The only ones who can be reasonably certain of being witnesses are black journalists who can mingle with crowds of fellow blacks.

Footnote: American readers might be puzzled by the exclusive references to the print media. The reason is that television and radio are state media and act as propaganda mediums. Pictures of unrest are not shown on television and only the barest verbal reports are given. The self-censorship goes far beyond anything in the press.

BENJAMIN POGRUND

Benjamin Pogrund, the former deputy editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*, is a South African journalist.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE ANY 3 FOR 99¢ EACH

(values up to $110.00 with Trial Membership)

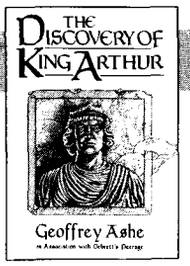
(First price is publishers' list.
Boldface shows Members' Price.)

EMPIRES AND THEIR LEGACIES

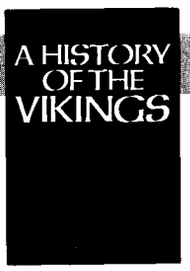
1859. **The Celts: The People Who Came Out Of The Darkness,** *by Gerhard Herm.* An epic study of 2,000 years. $15.00/**$10.50**

2634. **Diocletian And The Roman Recovery,** *by Stephen Williams.* A man of courage and stamina who ruled Rome from 284-305 B.C. $19.95/**$14.95**

8474. **The History Of Ancient Israel,** *by Michael Grant.* Based on the Hebrew Bible and modern archeological sources. $19.95/**$14.50**

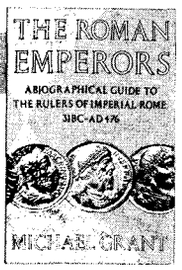


1339. $18.95/**$14.95**



1172. $25.00/**$16.50**

2121. $30.00/**$19.95**



1065. $25.00/**$17.50**

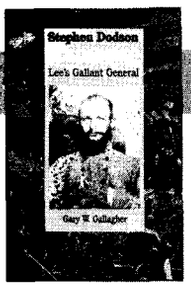
STATESMEN, GENERALS & THE RULING CLASS

2030. **Nero: The End Of A Dynasty,** *by Miriam T. Griffin.* A penetrating appraisal of a vain, twisted personality. $25.00/**$17.00**

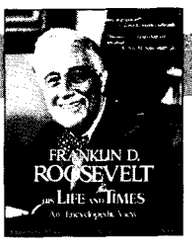
3095. **The Proud Tower,** *by Barbara Tuchman.* A focus on pre-WWI society. $17.95/**$13.50**

6668. **Disraeli,** *by Sarah Bradford.* Examines the many facets of Queen Victoria's favorite Prime Minister. $19.95/**$13.95**

5736. **From Alexander To Cleopatra: The Hellenistic World,** *by Michael Grant.* The people, politics and creations of an age. $19.95/**$13.95**



2949. $19.95/**$13.95**



A3343. $27.50/**$19.50**
(Counts as two of your three selections.)

2139. $20.00/**$15.50**

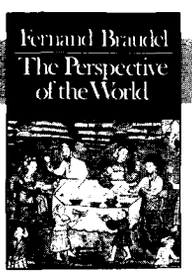
2592. $20.00/**$13.95**

TIMELESS ISSUES, ENDURING IDEAS

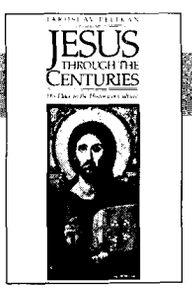
1818. **Christianizing The Roman Empire (A.D. 100-400),** *by Ramsay MacMullen.* The pagan view of the rise of the Church. $18.00/**$14.25**

4911. **The Structures Of Everyday Life: The Limits Of The Possible, 15th-18th Century (Civilization And Capitalism, Vol. I),** *by Fernand Braudel.* Socioeconomics. $31.95/**$15.50**

6239. **The Wheels Of Commerce: 15th-18th Century (Civilization And Capitalism, Vol.II),** *by Fernand Braudel.* $35.00/**$15.95**

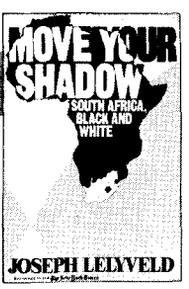


1453. $35.00/**$18.50**



3996. $22.50/**$16.50**

3830. $29.95/**$18.95**



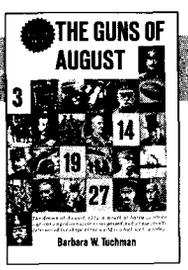
3897. $18.95/**$14.50**

THE WARRING WORLD

1479. **The Russian Revolutions Of 1917: The Origins Of Modern Communism,** *by Leonard Shapiro.* The capture of power. $19.95/**$13.95**

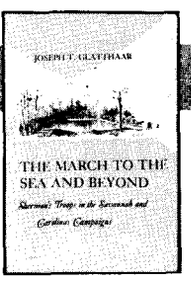
7468. **The Great War At Sea: 1914-1918,** *by Richard Hough.* Chronicles Britain's quest for maritime supremacy in WWI $25.00/**$17.00**

8862. **The Gettysburg Campaign: A Study In Command,** *by Edwin B. Coddington.* Documents America's greatest battle. $40.00/**$22.95**

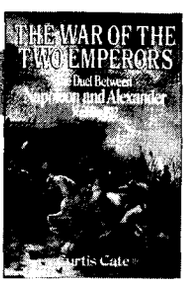


8888. $19.95/**$14.50**

1081. $19.95/**$13.95**



2980. $27.95/**$18.50**



3665. $24.95/**$17.50**

Save on the best recent history titles. Including this Introductory Offer, you can save more than 50%, during your initial Trial Membership, on some of the finest history books being published today. Our list covers a wide variety of topics, such as American personalities, Civil War, European history, science and religious thought.

We don't sacrifice quality. The History Book Club always offers its members quality publishers' editions, never "economy" reprints. All our books are available to members at truly substantial savings.

Choose any 3 for 99¢ each. Simply select any three books shown on this page — for just 99¢ each when you take a fourth book at the low Members' Price. Every month you will be able to choose additional selections from the 150 to 200 books described in the Club's magazine. You need take only four more selections during the next two years, always at the low Members' Price. Once you have completed your initial membership, you can qualify for additional savings through Bonus Books that you can select from our entire list.

How the Club works. Every few weeks (14 times a year), you will receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing — the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage and packing.)

If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, DEPT. N,
40 Guernsey Street, Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904-0790

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill those on the left at 99¢ each and the fourth at the low Members' Price, plus postage and packing.

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years, *not including my choices above.* I can cancel my membership anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low Members' Prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. NU21SK

Print Name _____

Address _____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

In Canada: Mail to U.S. Address

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB

BA86C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everyone's claiming family values.

APPLE PIE FIGHT

BY RONALD BROWNSTEIN

PAUL WEYRICH now thinks the conservative "pro-family" movement, the people pushing to ban abortion and legalize school prayer, has "a trivial agenda." So do a lot of people. But Weyrich, after all, is the premier New Right political strategist, the man who put together the Moral Majority, and who five years ago described the battle between the conservative pro-family forces and the left as "the most significant battle of the age-old conflict between good and evil, between the forces of God and the forces against God, that we have seen in our country."

Weyrich lamented in a recent essay published by his Institute for Government and Politics that the pro-family conservatives have failed to develop an agenda to address "the root problems" in society: "cultural decadence," "the breakdown in private morals," "national decline." It may be morning again in America where President Reagan lives, but in Weyrich's neighborhood it's the morning after.

Weyrich's gloom is one sure sign that the old issues of family politics are being joined by new concerns. The established lobby that calls itself "pro-family" consists basically of New Right social conservatives: anti-abortion activists, fundamentalist Christians, and opponents of the Equal Rights Amendment. They began using the family rubric in 1979 in their fights with President Carter's White House Conference on Families, which they thought was promoting improper government interference in family life. From that effort emerged the National Pro-Family Coalition, composed of conservative social groups, and run by Weyrich's able lieutenant Connaught Marshner.

Since then the family imagery and themes have become for conservative politicians and activists what the balanced budget once was: the touchstone for measuring everything government does. Reagan uses family themes relentlessly. Not long ago he called his tax-reform package "the strongest pro-family initiative in postwar history." It's a nice rhetorical twist: no one likes to be labeled anti-family.

More and more, Democrats and liberal interest groups, tired of being denounced as anti-family, are using the same language as the conse· atives. But the common rhetoric hides a fundamental difference. Democrats generally want to transmute the family themes to cover economic issues, and see a different—actually less activist—role for the government on the social issues. Gerald P. Regier, president of the Family Research Council, a "pro-family" think tank on social issues, says conservatives want to reverse social trends (in single-parent families, for example) while liberals support programs to manage the problems the trends produce—such as children left home alone.

It's a bit more complicated than that. In fact, taken to its logical extreme—as it often is—the conservative pro-family agenda requires nothing less than government-directed social reconstruction. Consider the increase in the number of working women. There's a school of thought, conservative and otherwise, that says the increase in women working outside of the home hurts families and children. Even accepting the premise, what could government reasonably do to turn around such a basic social phenomenon? In an otherwise sensible analysis of the Reagan tax plan's impact on families, the Family Research Council proposed repealing the child-care tax credit because it offers women an incentive to take jobs outside of the home. Good luck. In May the administration proposed a less severe measure—scaling it back to a deduction—but by September it was back to supporting the credit.

Marshner suggested another line of attack in a 1984 memo: eliminating the Equal Pay Act. If women did not receive equal pay for equal work, she reasoned, "it would perhaps help return women to the traditional role of wife and mother." Volunteers are not lining up to take on that battle, either.

Conservatives in Congress have even begun drifting away from doctrinaire opposition to new federal family-related programs. Five years ago, when Carter collected the entire parade of horribles (child abuse, wife abuse, drug abuse) under one roof at the White House conference and seemed to be poised for a great new federal takeoff, it was easy for the conservatives to mobilize. The danger they saw was not so much any individual measures as some massive federal invasion of the family. But Representative George Miller, the liberal California Democrat who chairs the House Select Committee on Children, Youth, and Families, has kept each of the items on his family

---

Ronald Brownstein covers politics and the White House for *National Journal*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agenda, which covers much the same ground, discrete and distinct. And when the issues come up one by one, they are less vulnerable to the ideological reflex against intrusion.

But the problem facing pro-family conservatives is even deeper than that of overcoming liberal defenses. Even if these activists could pass their legislation on school prayer or abortion, it wouldn't make a dent against the attributes of society that they don't like. Hence Weyrich's lament that their agenda is trivial. Outlawing birth control wouldn't eliminate teenage sex, and eliminating the equal pay law wouldn't make all of the women lawyers trade in their briefcases and Nikes for aprons and diapers.

Weyrich thinks the right needs some as yet undefined new agenda to "reverse basic cultural trends." As he sees it, the new game plan will be based on reacquainting society with the necessity of "self-discipline" in savings, work, family, and sex. One early idea is to change state laws to "make divorce more difficult." Weyrich says he is planning a conference to explore alternatives to current divorce laws.

Most of the social conservatives put their only hope for changing social orientation in right-thinking moral leadership from the top. And most conservatives give Reagan high marks for projecting the proper family values. Not Weyrich, who thinks the reality of the president's somewhat scattered family life outweighs the applause lines of his speechwriters. In any case, there's no evidence that Reagan's tributes to "traditional values" are significantly changing social behavior. There is no clear direction of the pattern of social trends since he took office. Divorce is slowing down and so is the increase in the number of unmarried couples living together. But between 1980 and 1984 the percentage of children living with both parents dropped, the percentage of families headed by single women rose, and the number of births to unmarried women keeps increasing. Dial-a-porn started appearing on phone bills with Reagan in the White House and entire walls of video stores are now covered with films that once were shown only in neighborhoods you didn't want to visit.

DEMOCRATS haven't talked much about family since Carter tried, fearing that as soon as they mouthed the words someone would start yelling about abortion. That has probably been a mistake. People tend to view the family as the key to their lives—the way in which they relate to the outside world, to government. As such, some Democratic political strategists think they may be receptive to a more direct economic appeal that connects immediately with family life—as opposed to social issues that are not necessarily part of daily family existence.

As usual lately, the Republicans got the first jump on this idea by affixing the family label to tax reform. Both Republicans and Democrats vied to present their tax plans as the most pro-family in the House debate last month. Reagan got the pro-family conservatives, who are prodigious producers of mail on social issues, to push for his bill. The conservative groups focused their efforts on generating support for a $2,000 personal exemption, which became for them a symbol of how the government values children. The House didn't give the $2,000 to everyone, but they did buy the basic idea and extend it to taxpayers who don't itemize.

Democrats, attracted to the Republicans' use of family themes on nonsocial issues, are developing similar tactics. One is to plant children squarely in front of every social program in danger of cuts. The Children's Defense Fund, a liberal pro-family group, is enjoying considerable success convincing legislators to view social programs that help children as an investment in the future. Miller even persuaded the Republicans on the House Select Committee to sign onto a report terming eight different federal social programs affecting children as worthwhile, cost-effective investments. Some such programs—infant nutrition, Head Start—have become politically invulnerable.

Another stream of thought is less developed, but probably more promising politically. In general terms, the idea is to develop an agenda to appeal to nonpoor families where the wife isn't battered, the children aren't molested or abused or noticeably strung out, and the father is present. Since last fall's election, private Democratic surveys and best-selling books (such as Anthony Lukas's *Common Ground*) alike have documented the conviction of many middle-class voters: Democrats want to use government only to help someone else—the poor, the unemployed, minorities. For that reason, Democratic pollster Stanley Greenberg says Mario Cuomo, who talks about "family" more than any other party leader, has the concept all messed up. Cuomo's family is metaphorical—he's really talking about fairness and caring for others down the block—while the family that interests middle-class voters is biological and by and large living under their own roof.

AS A RESULT, some Democrats, including the leadership at the Democratic National Committee, are trying to interest the party in a program to help families at the "pressure points"—a coming buzzword—in their lives, the moment at which they seem to see a positive role for government. This approach has the advantage of enabling Democrats to speak to lower-income and middle-class voters about common concerns such as the ability to buy a first home, access to quality education for their children, and career advancement. "People want us to make a family-related economic appeal," said one DNC aide. "They don't see us helping them the way Democrats helped their parents."

The hard part is going to be fleshing out these slogans. For one thing, any family-related economic appeal requires the Democrats to reject the notion that the electorate is dogmatically antigovernment; not many are ready to make that leap. For another, at least some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of it costs money, and money for new programs is scarce on Capitol Hill. Miller is pushing federal programs to encourage more day care—an economic issue with potentially great appeal for two-income families—but the steep price tag keeps most legislators distant. The Democrats, while wary of being tagged as the party of welfare, are still more wary of backing away from identifying themselves as the party of fairness. And just as the right has a hard time translating its concerns into concrete programs, the best ways to address issues like educational excellence and career advancement are not immediately apparent.

But that doesn't mean you won't be hearing more about them anyway. If tax reform has done nothing else, it has legitimized the analysis and marketing of economic issues through the family prism. Tax reform's fate may be uncertain, but family politics are just arriving.

How should we honor a man we still don't know?

UNEASY HOLIDAY

BY TAYLOR BRANCH

THERE WAS ALWAYS a special patriotism to the speeches of Martin Luther King. No other American orator could bring audiences to their feet by reciting three full stanzas of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." From there he often soared across the American landscape in perorations calling on freedom to ring "from the granite peaks of New Hampshire . . . from the mighty Alleghenies of Pennsylvania . . . from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado . . . from Lookout Mountain in Tennessee! Let it ring . . . from Stone Mountain in Georgia!" On through Southern states in whose capitol buildings black people dared not seek a drink of water, King rang freedom bells, touching his audiences with ecstatic boldness. "And when that happens," he said finally, "all of God's children—black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants—will be able to go ahead and sing with new meaning, 'Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty I'm free at last!' "

On January 20 King's own name will be tolled from those hilltops. Children will let fly balloons in Maryland and Arizona. World leaders will pay their respects at his tomb in Atlanta, and pilgrims will retrace the steps of his marches. By act of Congress, duly signed by the president, his birthday will be celebrated as our tenth federal holiday on the third Monday of this and every succeeding January. Officially, King's Birthday joins New Year's Day, Christmas, Labor Day, Independence Day, and the other five working days on which the government closes its doors.

The enshrinement is a remarkable phenomenon. It is accomplished less than 18 years after King's murder, in the month when he would have turned but 57 years of age. By contrast, George Washington's birthday was not made a federal holiday until 1879, 80 years after his death. The gestation period for Columbus Day was 176 years, from its origins in 1792 as a private festivity at Tammany Hall to its official adoption by Congress in 1968. Lincoln, whose birthday is celebrated in 32 states, came closest to federal recognition in 1920, but Southerners killed the House bill in the Senate.

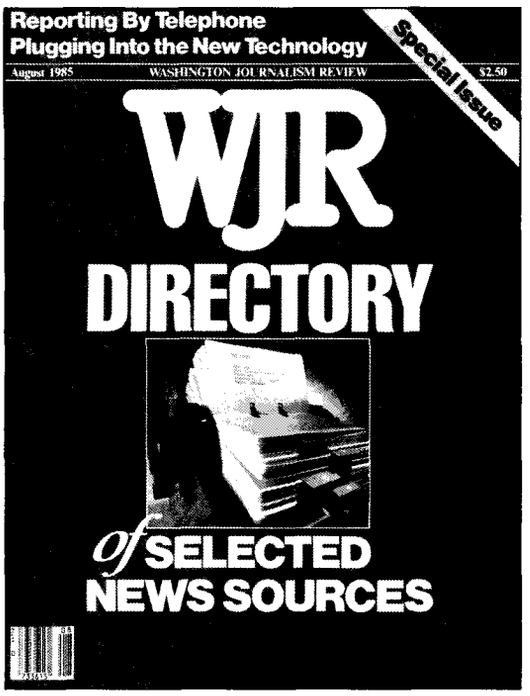
Ironically, the creation of the holiday owes something to a negative trend in contemporary race relations. In 1983 the Reagan administration was proposing tax exemptions for segregated schools, delaying an extension of the Voting Rights Act, and mounting an attack on all affirmative action programs as "quotas," which exacerbated antagonisms between blacks and Jews. Some Republican leaders, fearing that their entire party was headed toward extinction among black voters, resolved to make amends for these injuries with a holiday. The leaders of the King Holiday Commission are aware of such limitations to their support. They know they are not riding an unmixed tide of national sentiment, and that some of King's admirers and detractors alike regard his new day as a political gesture, a throwaway holiday for blacks. In death as in life, King's followers struggle for recognition while King himself reaches for something deeper and almost unfathomable. All this makes for an uneasy new holiday, mysterious in origin and meaning.

Even in the context of previous holiday politics, the enactment of the King holiday legislation in 1983 stands out as a paradox. It was both routine and explosively controversial. With scarcely a flicker of outside notice, the bill reached the House floor under a suspension of the rules and passed 338 to 90. Howard Baker, then the Sen-

Taylor Branch is at work on a book about the life and times of Dr. King, to be published in 1987 by Simon and Schuster.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most comprehensive analysis of journalism today.



WJR is one piece of reporting you should never meet the press without.

To enter your subscription to WJR use the coupon. If coupon has already been used call TOLL FREE

1-800-227-5782.

Newspaper, television, news magazine ... a vast assortment of information brought to you 24 hours a day to shed light on events both large and small. Yet, who is left to sort through and illuminate the huge communications industry itself?

The Washington Journalism Review is the authoritative source of information on one of the most profound influences in your life. We cannot avoid being bombarded by print and broadcast news, so take the time to read the one magazine that analyzes this news and gives you special insights. The Washington Journalism Review highlights the best in the business and tells the plain truth about why they are the best. Regular features examine the business of journalism, profile people in the trade, look at legal issues, review books on the press, and track news of "movers and shakers."

Washington Journalism Review 76NP01
2233 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20007

☐ Enter my subscription to WJR for:
- ☐ 1 Year (12 issues) $22 - Saves 27% off the newsstand price.
- ☐ 2 Years (24 issues) $39 - Saves 35% off the newsstand price.

NAME _____

TITLE _____

COMPANY _____

BILLING ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill me later.

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of your first issue.
Canadian and foreign add $4.50 per year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ate's Republican leader, decided to bypass the Senate committee process and place the House bill directly on the voting calendar, in a procedure normally reserved for minor business. The bill passed 78 to 22. Every Southern Democrat except John Stennis of Mississippi voted for it. So did Strom Thurmond, Jeremiah Denton, and Paul Laxalt—three of the four conservative Republicans who had issued a report opposing the holiday as premature and too costly. The minority opposition was concentrated in the arid Western states, where black voters are rare. President Reagan signed the measure less than three months after it came to the House.

Whisked into law, the King holiday matter receded. Neither President Reagan nor the news media did much to herald the approach of the holiday. Congress stalled for nearly a year before creating a commission to plan the first celebration, and then provided no money, staff, or office space. Coretta Scott King, Senator Robert Dole, Senator Edward Kennedy, and the other commissioners were obliged to go begging for a Washington headquarters, until HUD Secretary Samuel R. Pierce donated spare rooms in the HUD building. Pierce's generosity provided another of many ironies buried in the holiday politics. More than 20 years ago, when top FBI officials launched a covert campaign to brand King a "fraud, demagogue and moral scoundrel," they sought to replace him as a national leader of American black people with Samuel R. Pierce, who was then a Republican lawyer in New York.

CONTEMPT for King still exists. It flashed during the Senate's consideration of the holiday legislation in 1983, giving evidence that the quiet dispatch of that business was anything but routine. Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina attacked King as a communist sympathizer or worse, and in seeking to open sealed FBI files on King he relished the point that it was a liberal attorney general, Robert Kennedy, who had authorized the original wiretaps. This provoked an emotional response from Senator Edward Kennedy. "If Robert Kennedy were alive today, he would be the first person to say that it was wrong ever to wiretap Martin Luther King," he declared. When Helms doggedly challenged the Senate to debate the secret history of those wiretaps, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan flung Helms's packet of FBI material to the Senate floor with an angry shout that it was "filth." There were gasps from the gallery when Senator Bill Bradley said that it was impossible for him to give Helms "the due respect of a colleague." Speakers on both sides acknowledged an "atmosphere of tension" on the Senate floor. It was due, one Senator said edgily, to "a number of circumstances that we are all aware of." Race, scandal, war, communism, money, religion—all the most volatile subjects of political discourse converged to shake the Senate briefly from its famous languid decorum.

President Reagan performed no better at his press conference that same day. When a reporter asked whether he thought King had been a communist sympathizer, the president replied, "Well, we'll know in about 35 years, won't we?" He meant that the answer had to await the court-ordered date for the unsealing of the FBI bugging material. This fatuous remark so stunned the assembled reporters that there followed only one feeble question about "where the logic is here." President Reagan, while announcing that he would sign legislation honoring King above nearly all the Founding Fathers, reserved judgment about King's basic loyalty to the country.

THE press conference backed swiftly away from a moment that was not only searingly awkward but fundamentally misinformed. The sealed records from King's FBI file do not address the question of King's political allegiance. Those records, by the tens of thousands of pages, are available for public inspection in the FBI Reading Room. The sealed ones are about King's personal life, especially his extramarital sex life, as intercepted by FBI bugs and wiretaps. Out of ignorance, or perhaps extreme reluctance to touch the delicate issue of the sex lives of political leaders, none of the major news media mentioned this glaring discrepancy between the public description of the records and their actual content. By passing along this error, which was common to President Reagan's remark and to Senator Helms's campaign to unseal the records, those who framed the public debate over the King holiday fostered the slanderous misimpression that King's entire public career might have been a spy's ruse.

It is also possible that the politicians were speaking more manipulatively in code, knowing that to harp on secrets buried in FBI files might quicken by suggestion the vague but widespread rumors about King's private life. Even Senator Helms did not dare to address this subject directly, however, and this was perhaps his only area of agreement with King's most ardent supporters. Skittishness about speaking personally of King is almost universal. His enemies seem to fear that to do so would backfire, or expose their utter lack of knowledge about him as a human being, while his admirers seem to fear that anything less than perfect will slide or be twisted into degradation.

Questions of identity dissolve in the insecurities of race. It is well to remember that King lived nearly his entire life calling himself a Negro instead of a black man. The very name of his race was in flux, and for most of his years the personal attributes of Negroes were virtually invisible within the white culture. He forced himself upon the world as a political issue. During his lifetime there was little appetite or conditioning to absorb more about him.

Relatively few blacks and practically no whites ever knew, for instance, that King was anything but a champion among his fellow black Baptist preachers in the huge, six million-member National Baptist Convention. This was the center of King's church heritage, where both his father and grandfather had achieved national reputations. The convention's annual meetings were advertised as the largest gatherings of black people under one roof anywhere in the world—up to 20,000 preachers, deacons, choristers, and laymen from the richest and most power-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful institution of the black culture, meeting in an atmosphere crossed between that of a giant synod and a national political convention.

When King and his civil rights forces moved to take over the convention at Kansas City in 1961, they were repulsed in an ugly riot during which one preacher was killed. The victorious conservative president blamed King publicly for the riot, threw the power of the organized church against most of King's civil rights initiatives, and remained in power another 20 years, long enough to support Ronald Reagan for president. King, effectively accused of murder and excommunicated from his own national church, withdrew from the convention for the remainder of his life. This bitter experience blocked his career ambitions as a churchman and drove him toward the unpleasant conclusion that a majority of his peers never would embrace his nonviolent resistance. Within a few months he went to Albany, Georgia—alone, without the legions of Convention Baptists he had hoped to marshal—and was swept up in his first sustained campaign of civil disobedience to the segregation laws.

None of this registered in public. One might have expected the segregationist press to trumpet the news that King was implicated in the violent and shameful debacle, and that his fellow black preachers rejected his plans for integration. The chasm between the races was so wide, however, that the shattering conflict at Kansas City was a silent event to the white world, which made a habit of noticing King only when he could not be avoided. Unfamiliarity and discomfort blotted out the texture of King's life amid black preachers, among many other central aspects of his personality.

Yet when a Justice Department official simply offered him an automobile ride in the autumn of 1963, a front-page scandal erupted over charges of government favoritism for black leaders. The sensitivities of race exposed King to bizarre disparities of perception. His political genius lay in his strength to maintain balanced judgment under constant bombardment from a wide range of forces—J. Edgar Hoover, the conservative Baptist incumbent, King's contentious aides, his conscience, his bitter rivals within the civil rights movement, Southern governors, condemned prisoners appealing for his help—always knowing that his every deed and statement might be magnified or reduced a thousand times by the trick mirrors of race. Similarly, his gift as an orator lay in his ability to deliver the same speech in a way that would move both urban sophisticates who wanted to hear about Camus and unlettered church folk who wanted to hear about the furniture in heaven.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Now we are beginning to fashion a holiday mythology based on images that covered the cocoon of King's life. Almost inevitably, he is being celebrated for his achievements as they registered in the majority culture—for his great marches and civil rights laws, and for the Nobel Peace Prize. He is seen as the epitome of black success, rising from utter obscurity to the heights of international acclaim: just as Lincoln overcame his log cabin origins, so King conquered the limitations of racism. Like all myths, these contain truth, but in King's case they threaten to distort the inner progression of his life and to rob the new holiday of its true meaning. To celebrate King as the paramount black political symbol makes him a brittle icon—a counterpart to Britain's Prince Charles. From the core of King's religious belief to the edge of his political triumphs, his life was about status and human pride, but by his own lights the story ran counter to most of the King mythology.

The young King is generally portrayed as a well-educated but conventional Southern Baptist minister, whose transformation into a man of stature began suddenly when the Montgomery bus boycott made him a celebrity in national race politics. In fact, by inheritance and oratorical gifts, King was a prince within his national church long before the 1955 boycott. While still a student, he established a reputation that brought him invitations to preach in the largest black churches—New York congrega-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions claiming up to 10,000 members. When he left college to attend a Pennsylvania seminary in 1948, he was the only member of his integrated class wealthy enough to support himself without at least part-time work.

Until midway through his career, King remained something of a dandy. He wore expensive clothes, savored the opera, and dabbled at golf. He never gave up dramatic late entrances and other showmanship techniques of a master preacher, and he was accomplished in the formal etiquette—reminiscent of Renaissance court diplomacy—by which his preacher's fraternity managed and divided clerical prerogatives. Congregations ceremoniously presented him and his colleagues with wooden gift boxes stuffed with cash; special tributes to the ministers lasted hours. The preacher was a monarch, cut to the figure of Moses.

King embodied this role at the same time he rebelled against it. From the beginning he warned against the special temptations of success among a status-hungry people, denouncing the predilection of his fellow preachers for long Cadillacs. As glory fountained up beneath him, these harsh warnings from his own personal theology loomed ever larger in his life. He preached that privileged people require special discipline to be at peace with justice. His wife recalled that "his conscience fairly devoured him."

By family training he was extremely sensitive to shadings of his public image, which he labored adeptly to manage. In the 1950s he maneuvered to become the first black civil rights leader to meet with Eisenhower, and his 1964 trip to visit the pope was at least partly a promotional tour, conceived in awareness that the Norwegian Parliament was considering him for the Nobel Prize. He had given up his fanciest clothes, however, and nearly all his money. He never bought a Cadillac. Within minutes of hearing he would receive the prize, he announced that he would give the $250,000 purse to the movement. By then jealousy was poisoning some of his dearest friendships, and he knew that FBI officials were working diligently to blackmail or disgrace him with intercepted evidence of his extramarital affairs. King pledged to give them up—but failed. These personal ordeals, though central to the furnace of his character, did not change the direction of his public record. He returned from Oslo almost directly to the jails of Selma, Alabama, to begin the campaign for the Voting Rights Act, which transformed American politics by enfranchising black citizens in the rural South.

THERE FOLLOWED the three years that foreshadowed the surly mood of American politics after his death. The most influential civil rights leaders repudiated his protest against the war in Vietnam. The editors of *Life* called his first major Vietnam speech "a demagogic slander that sounded like a script for Radio Hanoi." Meanwhile, the spirit of his movement disintegrated amid riots, repression, and the surge of black pride. Black opinion leaders began to speak of nonviolence, and of King, with condescension. White intellectuals ignored him as a tediously religious Uncle Tom. His literary agent sent word that New York publishers expressed no interest in a new book by King on any subject. King kept moving away from the "mountaintop" of Oslo. While other aspiring leaders of both races kept clamoring for their moments in the White House, King stopped going at all. "He's canceled two engagements with me, and I don't understand it," President Johnson complained in a private memo. At the end, King was not in the company of white presidents or black elites, but marching with the garbagemen of Memphis.

He had the driven energy to help lift a people to a new identity and position of respect, and in the process he acquired what is commonly regarded as the highest honor in the Western world. This is the storybook side of King, which has its place. But the more revealing side lies in his determination to reclaim the common level of humanity. He resisted not just the expectation but the insistent demands of his peers that he allow himself to be feted and toasted as a symbol of hard-earned prestige. Instead, he pushed his way back down to jail, to new battles that left him nearly a pariah, and finally to the garbage strike in Memphis. The proud young doctor forged a prophet's humility out of his determination to leave behind what he called "a committed life." This downward thrust makes him a transcendent figure rather than merely a romantic one. In this respect, it is a disquieting sign that the official literature for the new King holiday seldom mentions the crucible years after he won the Nobel Prize.

INESCAPABLY, the meaning of King's life springs from religion as much as politics. Born into a culture in which the pulpit was the key to riches as well as salvation, he struggled with religion as preachers' kids often do, having grown up privy to both the trade secrets of the business and its claim to ultimate reality. His religious beliefs never were orthodox. He studied at a seminary teeming with freethinking professors who doubted, for instance, the existence of the historical Moses—on the ground that no Moses character had been located in Egyptian or Persian texts covering that era. King adapted to such skepticism more readily than most of his classmates, because he was searching for an honest way to recover from a prolonged spell of blanket disbelief. In particular, he was troubled by liberal theology's answer to the age-old problem of reconciling the idea of God with the presence of evil in the world. He rejected the progressive notion that intellectual and scientific progress could steadily reduce evil, and thereby the need to explain it. Although such an outlook was ascribed almost automatically to King and Social Gospel crusaders, he stubbornly refused to believe that education or comfort made people less sinful. On the contrary, he thought these attainments fed the central moral sin of pride.

Not until late in his studies did King find a way to join his yearning for justice in the world to an idea of God in the universe. He fixed upon the theory that from human self-centeredness comes an ingrained capacity for "enemy thinking," or self-justifying moral codes. These accommodate the removal or blotting out of people, as in racial

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

segregation. In extreme form they can invert morality altogether, as when the most heinous sins of ordinary life become the sacred duty of soldiers, Klansmen, or terrorists. King merely resolved that it was possible, by supreme acts of faith and human will, to combat enemy thinking without falling prey to it, to affirm that "the arm of the moral universe is long, but it bends toward justice." By such efforts, he sought to uphold the existence of God. Far from being a comfortable or conventional theology, this was nearly a desperate one, linking King's personal religious doubts not only to the plight of his race but also to the fate of the bomb-threatened globe.

FOR YEARS before and after his famous "I Have a Dream" speech of 1963, King identified the American dream with Jefferson's familiar credo from the Declaration of Independence: "All men are created equal . . . endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights." He praised the passage for its universalism, and then he praised it also for "something else" at its center—"something ultimately distinguishes democracy from systems of government which make the state an end within itself." The dream, he said, "affirms that there are certain basic rights that are neither conferred by nor derived from the state." This idea was dear to him. He interpreted it to mean that religion and democratic politics are united in their purest essences and yearnings, beneath all the imperfections of doctrine. The politician should acknowledge a mission derived from the spirit, not from worldliness. The preacher should be out in the world defending the endowments of the creator. And the individualism inherent in the rights—"life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—embraced both the personalism of King's own religious belief and the freedom-dream of his politics.

King's version of the dream had nothing to do with the tinsel of prestige or windfall riches. Indeed, he sought to reclaim the sacredness of free human character in a country he saw as glutted with wealth and power. His deity was a personal God whose benevolence could be believed, communicated—even demonstrated—as when his crowds responded to the cry of his favorite prophet, Amos, to "let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream!" This was the spirit of the civil rights movement, which lived in the bottomless passion of his speeches.

Time can narcotize even national holidays, turning cherished historical moments into sale-a-thons, binges, highway casualty statistics. Still, holidays are among a nation's fundamental traditions. Like hidden blood vessels, they carry life sources so vital to a culture that we can be oblivious to their meaning until crisis or inspiration flushes it scarlet to the surface. Arbitrarily, to mark and measure the passage of time, we have fixed the new year upon a certain day in early winter, in a celebration dating from Roman sacrifices to the two-faced God, Janus. Almost as arbitrarily, a church council in what we call the fourth century selected December 25 as the birth date for Jesus of Nazareth, and for 16 centuries since then the Christmas birthday celebration has stood handsomely among the winter festivals of the world's major religions.

KING'S HOLIDAY is yet a blink against these swaths of time, but already it stands out among the nation's permanent landmarks. With the holiday calendar and the monument grounds of the capital city filling toward capacity, it appears that during its formative two centuries the government of the United States constructed three major political monuments—to Washington, to Jefferson, and to Lincoln. Most of Washington's parks and traffic circles are named for military leaders of the Civil War era. The six House and Senate office buildings are named for 20th-century legislators of modest historical resonance—Cannon, Longworth, Rayburn, Russell, Dirksen, and Hart. And among the eight purely American holidays, beyond the two imported from the ancient Mediterranean, King's Birthday alone stands in honor of a preacher, a Ph.D., a black man, and a martyr who was wiretapped and reviled by officials of the same government that elevated him. King never held or sought public office, but he shaped more sweeping political change than any politician or private citizen of his era. He did not live out the American dream, as is obvious from his short, tormented biography. But for his age he did reinterpret the nation's precious freedoms along the edge between religion and politics, where the country was founded. For this he earned his holiday.

A glance around the country—from the liberated, resurgent South to the faces in mayors' seats, office buildings, television shows, and even college sports arenas—confirms the magnitude of the transformation wrought by King and his movement. We are that much further from South Africa. A glance there, or to the Middle East, or to eruptions of race hatred in Philadelphia and other cities, confirms that a renewal of that spirit could not be wasted. This is what the holiday is for. King was a black leader but never a parochial one. The boundless vision of his message touched people far beyond his camp and sowed changes more profound than political accommodation.

Ed Bethune, a little-known, last-term congressman, brought a small sign of it to the floor of the House of Representatives. "Mr. Speaker, as a Republican and a former FBI agent, I rise in strong support of the Martin Luther King holiday bill," he said. After describing the travail of the civil rights movement in his home state of Arkansas, he continued: "And do you know what we learned out of all that? The great changes are not made here in the legislative chambers or in the judicial halls. The great changes in this world are made in the hearts and minds of men and women. Attitudes are so important. I think that this holiday for Martin Luther King will give us an annual opportunity to recommit ourselves to the proposition that all men are created equal. It will nourish the spirit of reconciliation that we need so desperately in this country right now." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Across the Pacific

Invited by the Japan Foundation, I've just spent two weeks in Tokyo and Kyoto. Among the many interesting people I met were some film figures.

Mitsuo Yanagimachi chose to meet in a Tokyo coffee shop. (All conversations were through able interpreters, assigned by the foundation.) The coffee shop has a back room that one enters over stepping-stones across a small pool; and that back room, full of people talking much and eating little, was where we sat. Yanagimachi, now in his early 40s, directed *Himatsuri* (*Fire Festival*), which was shown at the last New York Film Festival, then had a run at the Bleecker Street Cinema. In the currently dim Japanese film scene, he is one of the lights, and by now he is used to being trotted out to meet visitors—not bored, just ready, experienced. Somewhat plump, casually dressed, he responded to questions thoughtfully and skillfully.

He has been making films for about 12 years; *Himatsuri* was his fourth feature. (It was backed in part by Seibu, a department store. Apparently big department stores have a Medicean function in Japan: I saw a dance program in a small theater next to an art gallery on the top floor of Seibu.) I had been more struck by the subject of *Himatsuri* than by the film as a whole. A lumberman who lives in a fishing village with his wife and children resists the encroachments of industrialization; one day he goes to the forest and embraces the trees as if in farewell; then he goes home and kills his family and himself. My concern had been that, to a Japanese audience apparently, the lives of the man's family as well as his own were at his disposal, as part of his protest against pollution.

Yanagimachi understood my concern but was not disturbed by it. He stressed the difference in view between East and West on the subject of individualism; in the East, he said, individualism is often best realized through, or is lesser than, communion with great forces. He stressed the pantheist nature of Shintoism. He stressed that the murders and the suicide were meant metaphorically (although suggested by an actual case). He felt that some action had to be taken against Western influence, even when that influence was spread by Japanese themselves. He said that too many people, like his parents, were resigned, felt helpless about the destruction of old values. (His actual phrase was "Go fight City Hall.") *Himatsuri* had been at least one small counterblow that might encourage further resistance.

I was more interested in listening to him than in arguing with him. Anyone who has read anything about Japan knows that the basic struggle there, ideological-spiritual-cultural, is between old and new. What a visitor might have expected was that the old values would be defended by old fogies or by young adulators of old fogies. But here was someone who was dressed and looked like a man in a Soho café where he might have been expounding on self-gratification, in one lexicon or another; and instead this man was talking about the importance of tradition and devotional standards. This hip-looking man ended by saying that, in certain circumstances, suicide is not the abnegation of life but its culmination, its fulfillment.

Woman in the Dunes (1964) is one of my favorite Japanese films. I was eager to talk with the director, Hiroshi Teshigahara, especially since he has made only a few films since then, not much seen or discussed. We met in an astonishing place: a beautifully decorated conference room on the top (11th) floor of an exquisite modern Tokyo building that is entirely a school of flower arrangement.

Teshigahara is a gray-haired, elegant man, large for a Japanese, and was dressed in chic, Italian-style sports clothes. He was gracious but without effusion. He is the head of this school, which is highly regarded and quite successful, and has been running it since 1980. He is also a ceramist and has had numerous exhibits of his work. He inscribed for me a copy of the catalog of his Paris exhibition in 1981.

I said that this building (designed by Kenzo Tange), the school, the ceramics explained why he had made relatively few films in the past years. But I told him how much *Woman in the Dunes* has meant to me—even more so during my few days in Tokyo. The film underscores the idea that space does not equal freedom, that the world can be crystallized wherever you are. I had to hope that he was going to continue making films. He replied that he had a project in mind, historical. Then he explained, without being asked, what has kept him from spending more time on films. His father had founded this school; when his father died, his sister took it over. Then, within a year, she died. Teshigahara could not abandon the school, out of obligation to the teachers - -tudents but principal-

ITH SEEING

is adaptation of
utobiographical
if it were worse
d still be wel-
gives Meryl
for a spacious,
rmance as the
was an author.
)
"chaos." Akira
ion from *King*
itury Japan. It
ut Kurosawa
Mars himself

Shoah. An increment to the conscience of civilization. Claude Lanzmann's nine-and-a-half-hour weaving of testimony about the Final Solution—interviews with survivors, bystanders, and participants—though it cannot be as complete as the best histories, supplies what they lack: ineradicable presence. (Note: all of the film was shot after 1976. No archival footage.) The title, if you do not yet know, means "holocaust" in Hebrew. (10/28/85)

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly out of obligation to his father. He himself had not been very good at flower arrangement when he started, he said, but he has come to love it: sculpture with the ephemeral. I looked at this elegant man sitting in this lovely room, with the gardens of the Imperial Palace visible behind and below: a gifted film artist who had skimped on that aspect of his work out of regard for family obligations, obligations to an art that recognized its own mortality. I said that, meager though my qualifications for judgment were, I couldn't imagine anything more Japanese.

When my remark was translated, he smiled and nodded once, sharply.

In Kyoto I had a reunion with the great cinematographer Kazuo Miyagawa. (A few of the films in his long career: with Ozu, *Floating Weeds*; with Ichikawa, *Enjo* and *Tokyo Olympiad*; with Mizoguchi, *Ugetsu* and *Sansho the Bailiff*; with Kurosawa, *Rashomon* and *Yojimbo*.) I had met him in New York when I introduced him at the start of a Miyagawa retrospective at the Japan Society and had lunched with him the day after. I had felt immediately drawn to this tiny, white-haired, warm man who had come from so far in so many senses and yet felt so close. Now 77 and spry, he hurried across the Kyoto hotel lobby to hug me. Very un-Japanese.

Miyagawa had begun work on *Kagemusha* with Kurosawa in 1980, had done a few sequences, but had developed eye trouble and was told by doctors that he was going blind. In fact, he has just finished another picture with Masahiro Shinoda, for whom he did the exquisite color photography of *The Ballad of Orin* in 1979.

As we drank tea, I asked him how he had got into films. He had begun his career by doing ink drawings, he said, then still photography. In those days before the Second War, Kyoto had been a filmmaking center, and his sister had a girlfriend who got him a job in a studio film lab, doing developing. He is vehement about the importance to his subsequent career of his experience in the development lab. That work, plus his ability as second baseman on the studio ball team, got him a chance as a camera assistant.

The next day we passed a Buddhist temple with a front wall made of huge stones. Miyagawa said that he had made the first shot of his first film in front of that wall, in 1935. He then led us through the very long, very narrow open-air food market of the town, jammed with people doing their shopping for New Year's Eve dinner (this was December 31), a big event in Japan. He darted ahead through the swarm and came back with a present, a thick rice cake topped with a tangerine, a typical New Year's decoration. He showed us a small Shinto shrine, hidden just off this thronged street. He and the young interpreter quickly bowed their heads over palm-pressed hands. Then he took us to lunch at a restaurant that specialized in Kyoto cooking. When we came out, he gestured toward a glitzy modern shop across the street. It was the site of his birthplace. Then he gestured the other way toward a low stucco building. His grammar school.

Miyagawa has worked all over Japan, of course, but a good deal of the time he has worked in Kyoto, which he hates to leave. Many Western artists of various kinds have been rooted in their native regions, but cinematographers? Miyagawa works in, sometimes leaves but always returns to, Kyoto, his home and his replenishment.

The strange career of 'The Strange Career of Jim Crow.'

BETWEEN LITTLE ROCK AND A HARD PLACE

BY C. VANN WOODWARD

MUCH HAS BEEN made of time and place and ideas as influences on the writing of history. A neglected influence is that of the reader, usually regarded only as an object to be influenced. Every historian, however, must begin with some conception of the reader he is addressing. The consequence is a considerable measure of reader participation in the writing. Does the writer conceive of his readership as small or large, specialized or general, knowledgeable or uninformed, sympathetic or antagonistic? The answers the writer postulates to the questions will necessarily influence what is written and how it is written—style and tone, as well as substance. Not only the reader, the writer, and the subject, but the complex relations among all three are involved in shaping the writing of history.

I am specially conscious of these relationships in thinking back over the writing and the reception of *The Strange Career of Jim Crow*. The most curious thing is that although it was written for the smallest of audiences it gained the greatest number of readers, an enormous number compared with any other book of mine, more perhaps than the total number of readers of all my other books put together. I had, in short, badly misconceived my readership. There were awkward and unforeseen consequences.

The book originated as a series of lectures I gave at the invitation of the University of Virginia in October 1954. The audiences consisted of a few hundred people, academic though unspecialized, and they were overwhelmingly Southern. I was not a stranger there; I had served on the university faculty briefly some years earlier. There was no distinction between the audience and the readership conceived for the book, since the manuscript for the lectures became copy for the printer.

The readership conceived under these circumstances definitely contributed to the nature of the book. I knew perfectly well that there was much I did not have to explain to such an audience in speaking about the history of race relations in the South. They shared a common background and a lifelong familiarity with a thoroughly, universally, and legally segregated society, a system that still prevailed little changed for many years. It seemed unnecessary, therefore, to spell out fully either the enormities and excesses of the system or of ra-

This essay is adapted from a chapter in C. Vann Woodward's forthcoming book, *Thinking Back: The Perils of Writing History* (Louisiana State University Press).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cial relations, or many of the subtleties and nuances in its background.

A SUMMARY of the book would be impractical here, and I shall have to be content with quoting one sentence in which I later attempted to set forth its thesis: "Briefly stated, the thesis was, first, that racial segregation in the South in the rigid and universal form it had taken by 1954 did not appear with the end of slavery, but toward the end of the century and later; and second, that before it appeared in this form there occurred an era of experiment and variety in race relations of the South in which segregation was not the invariable rule." The thesis was advanced guardedly, with elaborate qualifications and a repeated insistence that it did not postulate any "golden age" of racial relations in the past.

I could assume that my audience would hear me out with the degree of tolerance then prevailing in Southern academic circles—and perhaps a bit more for being under the shadow of Monticello. But I did not assume any ready acceptance of my thesis. I assumed instead an audience that would resist it and cling to the prevailing Southern belief that the system of segregation (however regrettable) was firmly entrenched in immemorial and unbroken usage. To understand the shock of a challenge to that faith it is necessary to explore the milieu of the mid-1950s in which it was conceived and delivered.

I wrote the lectures in the summer months immediately following the Supreme Court's unanimous decision in the case of *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka* on May 17, 1954, declaring racial segregation in the public schools unconstitutional. Awaited with apprehension and dread, the *Brown* decision nevertheless did not immediately touch off explosive resistance. A year of grace was promised before the Court was to act on the implementation of the decision. In the meantime optimists pointed to the South's relatively peaceful compliance in several states (at least on a token basis) with earlier Court decisions on the admission of blacks to juries, school boards, voting booths, white-collar jobs, and as students to some colleges and universities. Might this not also happen peacefully in public schools, especially if federal judges in Southern district courts postponed compliance, as expected?

Sober reflection would have discounted such optimism. The *Brown* decision on public schools struck a more sensitive nerve than earlier ones ever did. The decision, furthermore, was more sweeping in its implications, for it appeared to remove the constitutional underpinnings of the whole system of segregation and strike at the foundations of Jim Crow law. It was the most momentous and far-reaching decision of the century in civil rights. At least part of the South's initial mildness of response could be attributed to incredulity—the spontaneous belief that such things simply could not be, that the Supreme Court was demanding the impossible. That conviction rested firmly on a universally cherished interpretation of history, which held that present racial relations, including legal segregation, were of ancient origins, going back to slavery and beyond, entrenched in the folkways of both races, a product of the natural order of things—and therefore impervious to change by legal enactment, as proved by unfortunate experiments during Reconstruction.

ANY challenge to the orthodox Southern interpretation of history, particularly in the critical moments of 1954-55, when regional solidarity was so important, could be deeply disturbing. Especially so if such a heresy originated in the South itself. Yet here in one of the most respected Southern universities, at its invitation, a historian of supposedly reputable standing who claimed to be of Southern birth, rearing, and education dared ring all the changes on unorthodoxy and then publish them in book form. What sort of Southerner was this anyway? How did he go so thoroughly wrong?

To answer those questions fully would require more autobiography than is feasible here. The origins of the renegade in question are not very helpful by way of explanation. Born and reared in rural, small-town, black-belt Arkansas of a family with a slaveholding background, I came along when white racial orthodoxy and oppression were at their peak and the revived Ku Klux Klan was most active. Students of race relations in South Africa say that the system in the American South was then harsher than it was there. My parents were not happy about the racial injustice of the times, but they conformed outwardly, as did everybody else. Probably I would have remained locked in the racial orthodoxy of my people had it not been for a few fortunate coincidences. There was the admired uncle who did resist in his mild way. And there was the friendship formed in my early 20s with two black writers. One was Langston Hughes, during a year's residence in New York; the other was Jay Saunders Redding, then teaching in Atlanta in the early 1930s. They were the first people of color I had ever known as equals. Later a few experiences abroad contributed to my break with the orthodoxy.

SOUTHERNERS of the present generation who grew up after the system disappeared may well wonder how their elders could have made their way daily back and forth through this anthropological museum of Southern folkways and pronounced its wonders perfectly normal. Yet, with rare exceptions, gentry and humble folk alike, men of learning included, saw nothing extraordinary about the situation, or if they did, they kept their counsel.

To see it as it really was often required borrowed vision, particularly a look through foreign eyes. There was the little English girl who, on seeing a drinking fountain clearly designated "Colored," eagerly turned it on, only to be disappointed by the appearance of uncolored water. A rather unusual opportunity for a foreign perspective came my way during the Second World War while I was on duty as a naval officer in India. With a letter of introduction in hand, I sought out Dr. Ambedkar, acclaimed leader of India's millions of untouchables and later a figure of first importance in Indian constitutional history. He received me cordially at his home in New Delhi and plied me with questions about the black "untouchables" of America and how their plight compared with that of his own people. He also took the time to open to his visitor the panorama of an ancient world of Indian segregation by caste; it was wholly new to the American.

Still, stimulating as the foreign adventures were, they were of minor significance compared with long years of experience at home, and increasing involvement in civil rights actions. In the early 1950s the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund was seeking to gain a hearing from the Supreme Court for its case against public school segregation. Counsel for the appellants in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the *Brown* case supported by the NAACP were preparing a brief in response to an order of the Court setting the school segregation cases down for reargument. At their invitation I met with members of the counsel, including Thurgood Marshall and Jack Greenberg, to assist in preparatory research, which included not only law but history and sociology. Both John Hope Franklin and I prepared monographs described by a foreword to a reprint of the brief submitted on November 16, 1953, as "the history of reconstruction in the South and on the purposes and results of segregation." We were cited and quoted in the brief. As it turned out, however, the Court was more impressed by sociological than by historical arguments, so it is doubtful that we historians had much impact on the Court's decision on May 17, 1954. But the point is that as the author of the history of segregation I was publicly and thoroughly committed in a positive way on the integration issue within a year of delivering my lectures at the University of Virginia.

The Strange Career of Jim Crow was published in 1955. Sales were unexceptional its first year, and continued to be so for a couple of years. Then remarkable things began to happen in the market that could not be attributed to the genius of the publisher's sales department or to any newly discovered merits of the book. What prompted the book's sudden popularity can only be understood in terms of events quite beyond the control of author or publisher.

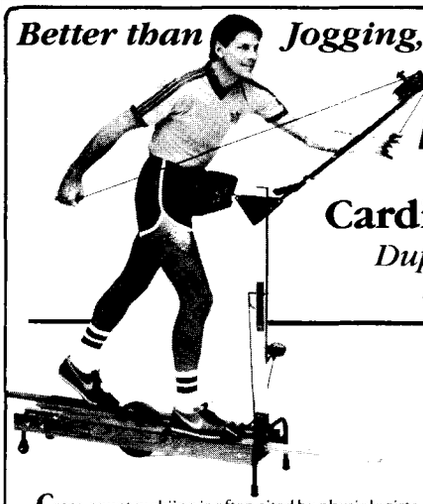
The hushed restraint of incredulity over the *Brown* decision in 1954-55 gave way early in 1956 to something near panic across the South. The first violence was a riot in February at the University of Alabama over integration. Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia called for "massive resistance." In March of 1956, 101 of 108 congressmen from 11 Southern states signed a manifesto against integration. Citizens Councils, organized to block enforcement, spread from Mississippi across the region. Six state legislatures adopted dozens of pro-segregation laws in the first three months of the year; others followed later, some with a view to closing public schools rather than desegregating them, others resorting to the historic fighting slogan of "nullification."

As the rebellion spread, the lights of tolerance and reason and respect for the law began going out all over the South. Books were burned, libraries purged, news suppressed, magazines excluded, TV programs withheld, films banned. Mob violence accompanied the first desegregation of schools in the border states of Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia in the fall of 1956. Some cities closed their public schools entirely. Lower South states made no gestures of compliance at all, and boasted instead of their defiance. In September 1957 Governor Orval Faubus of Arkansas carried defiance to the point of using the state militia to halt token integration at Little Rock. He withdrew his troops on court order, but their place was taken by hysterical, spitting white mobs who forced the removal of nine black children. Whereupon President Eisenhower ordered in federal troops to enforce the law.

Meanwhile other age-old understandings and assurances began to fail the South—the myth of Negro contentment with the "Southern Way of Life," for example. The successful yearlong black boycott of Jim Crow buses in Montgomery in 1955-56 brought forward a national leader of black protest in Martin Luther King Jr. Early in 1960, with the sit-in demonstrations in Greensboro, North Carolina, the great civil rights movement got under way with youthful black leadership, committed to nonviolent principles; it attracted vast numbers of followers in the North as well as the South.

I was soon watching these developments from a new perspective. In the fall of 1962, just before the bloody battle at Oxford, Mississippi, over the admission of James Meredith to Ole Miss, I joined the faculty of Yale University. There I found students in a state of much excitement, full of curiosity about the Southern movement, and many of them eager to fly to the aid of besieged black civil rights workers in the South. They held mass meetings, departed in bus loads on "freedom rides" to the Deep South, and organized "Mississippi summers." In this exalted mood they watched the Battle of Oxford, the Birmingham atrocities, the murder of Medgar Evers, the march on Washing-

Better than Jogging, Swimming, or Cycling...



NordicTrack

Jarless Total Body

Cardiovascular Exerciser

Duplicates X-C Skiing for the Best Motion in Fitness

Cross-country skiing is often cited by physiologists as the most perfect form of cardiovascular exercise for both men and women. Its smooth, fluid, total body motion uniformly exercises more muscles so higher heart rates seem easier to attain than when jogging or cycling. NordicTrack closely simulates the pleasant X-C skiing motion and provides the same cardiovascular endurance-building benefits–right in the convenience of your home, year 'round. Eliminates the usual barriers of time, weather, chance of injury, etc. Also highly effective for weight control.

More Complete Than Running

NordicTrack gives you a more complete work out-conditions both upper body and lower body muscles at the same time. Fluid, jarless motion does not cause joint or back problems.

More Effective Than Exercise Bikes

NordicTrack's stand-up skiing motion more uniformly exercises the large leg muscles and also adds important upper body exercise. Higher pulse rates, necessary for building fitness, seem easier to attain because the work is shared by more muscle mass.

Even Better Than Swimming

NordicTrack more effectively exercises the largest muscles in the body, those located in the legs and buttocks. When swimming, the body is supported by the water, thus preventing these muscles from being effectively exercised. The stand up exercising position on the NordicTrack much more effectively exercises these muscles.

A Proven, High Quality Durable Product

NordicTrack is in its 7th year of production. NordicTrack is quiet, motorless and has separately adjustable arm and leg resistances. We manufacture and sell direct. Two year warrantee, 30 day trial period with return privilege.

Folds and stands on end to require only 15" x 17" storage space.

Call or write for...

FREE BROCHURE

Toll Free 1-800-328-5888

Minnesota 612-448-6987

PSI, 124NR Columbia Crt., Chaska, MN 55318

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ton, the Selma march, and the Mississippi summer outrages.

Martin King was quoted as calling *The Strange Career* the historical bible of the civil rights movement. And as one among the great throng of Selma marchers who listened to King's eloquent speech in front of the Alabama state capitol, I heard him read and endorse passages from the book as support for his crusade. My feelings at the time were mixed; I knew perfectly well what those Montgomery white people who silently lined the streets were thinking and saying about a certain Yale professor of alleged Southern origins being quoted by Martin King in those circumstances.

THE whole thing was regarded in most of the North (and at Yale) as another Southern tragedy, with the Northern students participating in the role of missionaries, as they had in the First Reconstruction. With the passing of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965, it seemed as if the end were in sight. Once more, just a century after the first instance, Northern intervention had put down Southern rebellion and brought freedom to oppressed blacks. In a mood of self-congratulation, Northern crusaders were about ready to lay down their arms. Then, suddenly, without apparent warning, black rebellion exploded in their own backyards, and more violently than they had seen in the South. For four summers, from 1965 through 1968, black slums in city after city were set aflame by looting and embattled mobs, and left in smoking ruins. More than 150 major riots and hundreds of minor disturbances occurred in those years. The worst, in Detroit, required 15,000 federal troops to restore order; it left 43 dead, more than a thousand injured, and 2,700 businesses sacked, half of them demolished.

What had been a lively curiosity about a remote regional problem suddenly swelled into an urgent demand for knowledge, for an explanation of what was obviously a national problem. And so my book, which had originated as a modest communication to a Southern academic audience, swelled into a mass paperback for a national and quite mixed audience of vast numbers. It was a wholly new and unique experience for an academic historian—for this one, at least. Where I had never thought of a readership in more than thousands, I was now confronted with readers in the hundreds of thousands. They were certainly not the readers I had in mind originally, those for whom the book was written. Nor were they the sort to whom there was much I did not have to explain, who shared my background, who understood unspoken assumptions, and who did not require the spelling out of subtleties and nuances.

THE overexpanded readership included the truly uninformed, who needed all the help they could get. They could not be expected to pick up elliptical references, respond to symbolic names, or readily distinguish the figurative from the literal. Given the strangeness of the subject and its history, many were prepared to believe almost anything, and more than a few were truly naive. They often searched for the cheering and hopeful message, the simple answer, the easy solution. A national debate was raging in the midst of a violent crisis in which cities were quite literally aflame. Participants in that debate had little time to read; and many of those who did had to read on the run. They sought only to find quotable passages, confirm views, advance an argument, make a point. They often discovered what they sought and used it as they wished.

I found myself quoted or cited in editorials, articles, congressional debates, even judicial opinions—for purposes with which I sympathized, but often with reckless disregard for the context of the quotation. The carefully noted exception, the guarded qualification, the unstated assumption, the cautionary warning, was often overlooked or brushed aside. Letters poured in from unknown people who revealed appalling misreadings. The most common was that the Jim Crow system (like other racial injustices) was superficially rooted, and could be readily eradicated by right-thinking reformers.

Professional historians, noting some of these same phenomena, began to express doubts, misgivings, and criticisms of their own. Was not this book, hastily produced on the heels of the *Brown* decision, a new instance of "presentism," of viewing the past through the distorting lens of the present? Had the author waited for enough perspective and distance? Was he not too personally committed to a point of view? Could this be a reversion to the instrumentalism of early progressive historians? Did it not share the old quest for a "usable past"? Could it, too, not be described as history with a purpose, the purpose of solving current problems? Did it show sufficient respect for the integrity of the past? These questions were not always unfriendly, and some were put obliquely and sympathetically. But they were still troubling thoughts, no less so because some of them had occurred all along to the author himself.

THE voice I listened to most attentively about these quandaries and tensions was that of an old friend who had the greatest right and the surest authority to speak. This was David M. Potter, by whose side I had sat through the first and only course in American history I ever took in college, whose home I had visited in Augusta, whose place I eventually took at Yale when he left for Stanford. In all our long friendship (until his tragic death in 1971) I never had cause for anything but the highest regard for his opinion. In whatever estimate he ventured of my writings—and he understood them thoroughly—Dave Potter was generous to a fault. Still, sometimes in an aside or over a drink he would gently and sympathetically voice his misgivings. If the historian sets out to interpret the past according to the present, may he not, he would suggest, wind up with the endless task of correcting present misconceptions to the neglect of reconstructing the past as it really was? If, as I reminded him, Tolstoy in *War and Peace* once compared the "grotesqueness" of the modern historian with "a deaf man answering questions no one put to him," Potter would mildly remark that they might have been asking merely the wrong questions, and that the historian might well turn a deaf ear and frame his own questions of the past with due regard to what was important to the past. Might not a strong commitment to a desired end create a dangerous tension between an ideological commitment and a devotion to truth for its own sake? The admonitions of my friend expressed a respect for the integrity of the past, which I fully shared. Moreover, I doubted that if the present did indeed ask the right questions of the past and the historian did indeed provide answers faithful to the record, this would necessarily result in a "usable past" that could help to solve present problems. And certainly I agreed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that usefulness to reformers and embarrassment of their opponents—or, for that matter, embarrassment of reformers and usefulness to opponents—should never be regarded as a test of the validity of any historical thesis.

Less troubling—mainly because I could respond to them publicly, and had invited them—were learned articles and books, often inspired by the *Jim Crow* thesis, taking issue with me on scholarly grounds. I responded in three revised editions of the book, the last in 1974, 20 years after the original.

I have been asked how, on looking back over three decades of controversy, criticism, and misunderstanding, I might feel about the whole Jim Crow venture in history writing. Pressed for an answer, I would confess to feeling somewhat chastened and perhaps a bit wiser for the experience; but on the whole I remain quite unrepentant. I readily admit the pitfalls and the fallacies of presentists and instrumentalists, but I decline to be classified among them save as an interloper. And yet I nevertheless hold that since the historian lives in the present he has obligations to the present, as well as to the past. The present always proceeds, consciously or unconsciously, on some theory about the past, very often a false one. I simply suggest that the present might do worse than turn for light on the past to historians—even historians whose researches are incomplete, even on subjects that had not previously been investigated. After all, there has to be a first historian of any subject. Questions have to be asked before they can be even wrongly answered. Answers have to be ventured even before we are sure that they are addressed to the right questions. Errors have to be made before they can be corrected and contrary answers provoked. All of which leads to controversy, to be sure; but controversy is one of the ways we have of arriving at what we assign the dignity of truth in history writing.

MOVING VIOLATIONS

L'Amour fou: Photography and Surrealism by Rosalind Krauss and Jane Livingston with an essay by Dawn Ades

(Abbeville Press, 243 pp., $45, softcover $24.95)

While *L'Amour fou*—an exhibition, coaxed from a great range of public and private collections, of over 200 photographs constituting a central range of surrealist effort (1920-1940), specifically in France, with contributions from Belgium, the United States, and England—was in place at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, the National Gallery nearby was exhibiting the mural-print landscape photographs of Ansel Adams. These, too, were black-and-white images of amazements—heroic panoramas of American sites, unbuilt, unpeopled, apparently unvisited save by the sharply focused, light-gulping lens of the late wilderness-master. There were audible crowds in the Adams galleries, admiring all that crisp, melodramatic scenery with the readily shared enthusiasm you can hear, in much the same resonance, from shutterbugs at the scenic stops on Route One in Maine, Route One in California. Though many of these encompassing prospects (often so wide the eye could not take them in: they took us in) were instantly perceptible as erotic vistas, mountains of Venus indeed, there was no nudging or winking to that effect. None was needed.

L'Amour fou: Photography and Surrealism, an exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., and at the San Francisco Museum of Art

We knew we were contemplating splendors of mother earth, American splendors at that. If they satisfied an ulterior longing for a more intimate mother's body, all the better; they did so in an out-of-doors mode, abstergent and sublime, with no call for concupiscent leers. We could speak out in front of Ansel Adams's incarnations, and on the day I visited the exhibition we did so, loud and clear. Such images made us proud to be human.

ACROSS THE WAY, in the Corcoran, the surrealist show confronted visitors with an apparently untranslatable title and a small sign in the vestibule that said NO PHOTOGRAPHS. Was this one of those famous surrealist jokes? A way of telling us, perhaps, that what we were about to see were not museologically sanctified artworks, but (as with other surrealist ventures) more of that same new thing, life? In any case, through the archway, the photographs were certainly there—often very tiny ones, just large enough to fit the wallet, the breast pocket, to be flashed under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli ("Psst, Meester, feelthy pictures?"), arranged, theme by gallery, to illustrate the work (the designs, the obsessions, the play) of some 20 men.

The show included photographs by three women, but honorifically. None of these surrealist playmates can be considered an independent artist: not Nusch Eluard, who produced, "as a pastime," a few collages; not Dora Maar, Picasso's companion who soon abandoned photography (chiefly portraits of *her* companion) for painting; not even Lee Miller, eventually Mrs. Roland Penrose, whose work was to figure mostly in commercial contexts. To Americans "familiar" with Miller as the "star" of Cocteau's film *Blood of a Poet* (1930), the many nude photographs of her taken during the preceding decade will come as a . . . revelation. Specifically, the Man Ray series of frontal nude images of Miller behind a net curtain constitutes the most striking bridge I have ever seen over the time trench that so often yawns between period beauty and our own more immediate conceptions. The show's organizers appear to have thought so, too; they have immensely enlarged the three shots and hung them in the center of the gallery, where they sway alluringly among so much that is rebarbative on the walls. (It is difficult to see, however, why they are in the show at all, why they are "surreal" according to the categories Rosalind Krauss proposes in her brilliant essays.) Still, women are never really the subjects of surrealist photography. They are only its objects, generally its victims.

Photographs by 20 men, then.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among them six by Ernst, four by Magritte, two by Breton, and one by Dali, all insignificant with regard to the achievements of these persons in other realms. The remainder are by artists close to the surrealists, if not actually within the group (Bellmer and Brassai); by the astonishing Boiffard, Ubac, Tabard, Parry; and by the acknowledged master of the show, Man Ray—all men who found photography an authentic medium in which to venture upon their explorations, their exploits.

These galleries, of course, were nowhere near so populous as those in the National. More to the point, they were nowhere near so noisy. The reactions of the visitors, most of whom seem to have been as startled, even stunned, as I was, were (when audible at all) a kind of hushed giggle, a whispered insistence that attention be paid to "this one," "down here," and a shocked hiss of disapproval. It was not possible to be comfortably outspoken in the presence of these objects: we were daunted.

Indeed, this was the only exhibition—except for some of Francis Bacon's work—where I have been aware that the public was intimidated, caught off guard, and that I was one of their number. There was an intimacy, an indecorous familiarity about the mere scale of the pictures, which seemed so deleterious for their small size, just as the vast landscapes in the Adams show were so innocent for theirs. This did not seem to be art for show, but rather a kind of man-to-man prowess to be exchanged among confederates, personal expressions of the most intense, the most intransigent *façon*, discoveries and subversions that could be attained in no other way. By constantly striving to disappoint expected meanings, to subvert the codes, by ventures as extreme in photography as automatic writing and collective poetry were in literature, surrealism had managed to desacralize the image of the artist.

Certainly there were problems, improbabilities. So large a proportion of the images were directly, were explicitly erotic, and the eros paraded was so resolutely focused, so resolutely fastened, on subdued and usually humiliated female flesh. It seemed as if the male surrealist photographer's total refusal to make an object of desire of the male body (the whole body, not just the genitals, though even they were missing) went hand in hand, as it were, with his need to "reduce" woman to just that—an object of desire. He confines her with great strictness to her "feminine" role, and assigns to her the limits of so-called "feminine" behavior: passivity, anticipation, offering, gift. For himself he jealously reserves the "virile" roles, the "masterful" behavior: activity, conquest, possession. For the surrealist photographers, women are the bonding agent of what we have learned to call homosocial desire.

DOLL (LA POUPÉE), 1937, HANS BELLMER, COLLECTION TIMOTHY BAUM

Perhaps most troubling in this regard are the artificial women, the dolls of Hans Bellmer, enormous celluloid constructions that in photographs—some hideously hand-colored pink and yellow, a criminal chromatics—transform the nubile female body into no more than a machine for fetishistic exploitation. Bellmer's 15 *poupées* are among the most authentic obsessions I have ever seen on film, much more drastic than his delicate drawings, even those of the same amphisbaenic pelvises, always aestheticized beyond affect. If so many of the surrealist ploys seem merely kid stuff, Bellmer's dolls are authentically infantile, and constitute an infernal chapter of photography's responsibility for my corruption. The only release from this relentless imagery of women manhandled, the only escape from such sadomasochistic contraptions, are a number of probing scrutinies of the body's responses to itself—studies in narcissism that transcend genitality, as they do gender. The finest of these are by Boiffard, that chronicler of the stupent city who had made the Paris images for Breton's *Nadja* but whose many (usually "untitled") photographs of hands and feet in loving exploration of each other constitute a genuine frisson, a new dispensation of somatic power.

Almost as stirring is Brassai's "involuntary sculpture" series of 1933—artfully lit and framed close-up fragments of toothpaste, bread, soap, rolled bus tickets, in which the camera discovers the erotic overtones of mere substance when properly isolated from the quotidian contexts by which we are persuaded to ignore the responsibility of forms. Man Ray, of course, is wonderfully fertile in such inventions. His photographs of the objects that appear to represent themselves by means of light and paper alone, without a camera ("rayographs"), offer merely one aspect

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his tremendous range, which includes that capacity to invoke the *matte* scenes of Paris that so allured the surrealists early on, in the period when Breton and Aragon were taking their famous undirected strolls, allowing the city to happen to them. Boiffard and Man Ray are splendidly represented in this realm, to which we can easily apply Adorno's observation: it is as if the shocks of surrealism later saved Paris, by conditioning the city to fear.

Walking in a similarly undirected way through the Corcoran galleries, you realize that photography must be, as the organizers claim, *the* art of surrealism—that perhaps even the *New York Times* photography reviewer who trashed this remarkable exhibition meant as much when he remarked that "all photography is surrealistic." What I think we feel after such exposure is that, like photography, surrealism eliminates itself through its own realization; the model of both, in that sense, would be pornography. The two activities find each other in images of the human body and the human city, however inhumanly apprehended. It is not the pride of being human that we come out of this show possessing—surrealism is not a humanism—but the provocative otherness of our condition.

READING the volume that accompanies the exhibition is something of a corrective, a sobering process, after the occasionally ludicrous exhilarations of the photographs themselves. In their "reconstruction of an artistic episode," Rosalind Krauss and Jane Livingston advance the claim that surrealist photography is the great unknown and undervalued aspect of surrealist practice, but that nonetheless it is the great production of the movement. In their essays, especially in Krauss's, this claim is made good; indeed, a claim as to the meaning of surrealism itself is thereby established that will be new to many American readers. Last year in the catalog to the "Primitivism" show at the Museum of Modern Art, Krauss had initiated, in her discussion of the art of Giacometti, the bifurcated image of surrealism (André Breton's idealizing, optimistic faction vs. Georges Bataille's ethnologizing, death- and violence-oriented school); in her journal *October* she continues to exemplify this view with the writings of Denis Hollier. Here Krauss speaks again of the differences between "the expectantly passive attitude of Breton's availability to chance" and "the aggressive tenor of Bataille's thought," and proposes a dichotomy of *l'informe* (formlessness) and *bassesse* (the mechanics of fall). Her analysis indeed rescues surrealism from its own limited practices within Breton's sternly arbitrary coordinates.

A little history is in order. André Breton and Georges Bataille were contemporaries, born in 1896 and 1897 respectively. In his three surrealist manifestos (1924, 1933, 1942), Breton had urged and identified an art of "psychic automatism," free from the control of logical, ethical, or aesthetic considerations. Such a wide-ranging liberation, however, required closure on another front, and Breton's exclusion of other people from his surrealist *centrale* took the form of virtual excommunication, even exorcism, by the "magus," as he was sometimes called, or the "pope" of surrealism. The movement was too various for one man to govern in all its implications and explorations.

But Bataille, a librarian by profession, remained cheerfully surrealist, for all the demonism of Breton's rejection. In his publications and in his writings—particularly in the reviews *Documents* and *Minotaure* and in the pornographic novels and studies of eroticism (now all translated into English)—Bataille characterized himself as surrealism's "old enemy from within." His texts, and the resonance of his personality, are now much more apparent in French literary and philosophical life than Breton's; the "school" of Bataille—Leiris, Callois, Lacan, even Barthes—has had a much more enduring claim upon readers than the more "orthodox" figures Breton suffered to remain in his vicinage. Tragic, Nietzschean, and anthropological in orientation, Bataille's undertakings seemed very discouraging to Breton, even disgusting in their emphasis on the violence and the destruction endemic to all human enterprises, perhaps to the impulses of life itself, certainly to the operations of eros.

IT IS in the discussion of photography itself, its technical operations, that Krauss is able to identify this profounder, dissident surrealism, inspired by Bataille:

> A mode of producing a simultaneous positive/negative, solarization [a photographic process accidentally invented by Man Ray] most frequently reads as the optical reorganization of the contours of

LITERATE T-SHIRTS!
Shakespeare, Virginia Woolf, Sartre, Thoreau, Cheshire Cat, White Rabbit, Beethoven, Freud, Austen, Sherlock Holmes, Tolkien, Poe, Twain, Nietzsche, Bach, Rasputin, Gandhi, Kerouac, Van Gogh, Da Vinci, Robert E. Lee, others.
Sizes S, M, L, XL. T-shirt: (white, lt blue, or red) $10.50. 4/$38. **Sweatshirt** (grey) $19. 2/$36. **Ship:** $1 per piece.
Illus. brochure 75¢
Historical Products, Box 220 CP Cambridge, MA 02238

HOW TO EXECUTE AN AGENCY
by E. Waterhouse Allen
Election Year! Do you Know The Types who Know—How to execute an agency- or a nation?
Wicked satire, distilled from 50 years work in human services agencies. 1st edit., $3.95
BARK-BACK
P.O. Box 235, Glenshaw, PA 15116.

The BATEAU
by DEVA
A 19th century work shirt repatterned for today's men and women. A generous cut and shoulder gussets provide superb comfort and freedom of movement.
Offered in: Natural • Navy Brown • Lilac • Plum Purple • Black • Grey White • Russet
lushly textured pure cotton
$25 Postpaid and Guaranteed
State bust/chest and hip measurements (up to 44")
DEVA, a cottage industry
Box NH96, Burkittsville, MD 21718
M/C VISA orders: (301) 663-4900
CATALOGUE & SWATCHES $1 (refundable)

Call for any current book
● Amex, MasterCard, Visa or check.
● We ship immediately, anywhere in the world. ● Gift wrapping available.
● Mail orders welcome.
BOOK CALL
1-800-255-2665
In CT or Worldwide (203) 966-5470
59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840

AFGHANISTAN
Since 1980 the Afghanistan Relief Committee has been sending medical aid, food, and support for schools to villagers inside Afghanistan. ARC is the primary U.S. support source for Medecins sans Frontieres and others who risk their lives to bring in help. For more information or to send contributions, write to:
Afghanistan Relief Committee
Dept. "R," Suite 4100, 345 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y., 10154.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

objects. Reversing and exaggerating the light/dark relationships at this precise registration of the envelope of form, solarization is a process that can obviously be put to the service of the *informe*. In the most extreme example of this work, Ubac pushes his procedure toward the representation of a violent deliquescence of matter. . . . Indeed, one of the ways we can generalize the whole of what we have been seeing so far is that a variety of photographic methods has been exploited to produce an image of the invasion of space: of bodies dizzily yielding to the force of gravity; of bodies in the grip of a distorting perspective; of bodies decapitated by the projection of shadow; of bodies eaten away either by heat or light. . . .

If photography's service to surrealism was the representation of a violent deliquescence of matter, Krauss perceives that this deliquescence can be carried further, toward a generalized deconstruction that will manifest or accommodate the collapse of sexual difference, the defamiliarization of the human body, "redrafting the map of what we would have thought the most familiar of terrains," the transformation of reality into representation.

IN ORDER to reveal and to display the inherent meanings of what Breton insisted upon as Convulsive Beauty, Krauss and Livingston—noting that surrealism's attitude toward photography tended to break with what these curators had come to feel was a rather overzealous museological reverence toward the medium—have taken certain liberties of scale and format, and have insisted, in their "catalog," on betraying the purely plastic, artistic, medium-oriented qualities of the show they have mounted. Having discerned that the surreal is nature convulsed into a kind of writing, they have arranged their book not according to the themes, obsessions, and periods of the show itself, but in illustrated tracts, including a useful essay by Dawn Ades, "Photography and the Surrealist Text," and an even more informative (though erratic) set of artist biographies and bibliographies compiled by Winifred Schiffman.

Livingston, who is chief curator at the Corcoran, has contributed the only essay on a single artistic personality, and she struggles—may I say Manfully?—with the elusive, sly personality of what she calls this classically grounded modernist aesthete, "who managed to create enduring poetic incarnations of surrealism's Sadist desire without violating his own. . . ." Livingston makes clear, finally, why a number of the Man Ray images in the show confused me as to their surrealist affiliation. Wielding a very elaborate language, Livingston articulates Man Ray's volatile and ambivalent perception of himself:

> His resistance to that resounding sense of bifurcation (between simple metamorphosis and self-evolution), the nagging dissonances and paranoiac edginess that give so many surrealist artists their artistic and philosophic fodder, the foreignness to Man Ray of these pervasive qualities finally enabled him to inhabit the catalytic, if atypical, position he came to occupy.

We are thereby certified in our occasional enjoyment of Man Ray as no more than an artist, though so many of the plates in the catalog, like the photographs in the show, violate the easy aestheticism of "Moving Sculpture" or "Winter Collection." Man Ray was a surrealist the way Proust was a novelist—the best of all, and nothing of the kind.

THE GREAT achievement of the catalog, however, as opposed to the many astonishments and delights (and consternations) of the exhibition, occurs in Krauss's two essays, with their patient unfolding of the schism within surrealism itself, and their insistent probing of the significance of the movement, within and beyond its own claims. "If we are to generalize the aesthetic of surrealism," Krauss muses, suggesting the acute and tenacious spirit of all her criticism,

> the concept of Convulsive Beauty is at the core of its aesthetic, a concept that reduces to an experience of reality transformed into representation. . . . The photographs are not *interpretations* of reality, decoding it as in the practice of photomontage, instead they are the presentation of that very reality as configured or coded or written.

It is this kind of insight that has guided Krauss in the selection and presentation of the entire exhibition: "in cutting into the body of the world, stopping it, framing it, spacing it, photography reveals the world as written."

I feel indebted to Krauss for her organizing intelligence and her diligence in culling these images from the curious hideouts of (largely esoteric) surrealist collectors, and so I trust that my criticism of one of her assertions will not be misapprehended. It seems to me that she is remarkably insensitive—as is Livingston—to the asinine anti-feminism of "classical" surrealism, and of the surrealism of these photographers specifically. So eager are the curators to present the (genuinely important) range of these works that they cannot afford—or cannot bear—to acknowledge the lack of any dialectical force in surrealism's imagination of women. Krauss edges away from the question quite airily:

> If within surrealist poetry *woman* was constantly in construction, then at certain moments that project could at least prefigure a next step, in which a reading is opened onto deconstruction. It is for this reason that the frequent characterizations of surrealism as antifeminist seem to me to be mistaken. Within surrealist photographic practice, too, *woman* was in construction, for she is the obsessional subject there as well. And since the vehicle through which she is figured is itself manifestly constructed, *woman* and *photograph become figures for each other's condition:* ambivalent, blurred, indistinct, and lacking in, to use Edward Weston's word, "authority."

As their exhibition makes manifest, there are many areas where surrealism is concerned to explore—literally, to cry out upon—our experience as human beings in a world we have largely created, even (or particularly) when we perceive it as the natural world. Yet nowhere do Krauss and Livingston choose to remark upon the astonishing and discouraging refusal of the group to acknowledge that by our representation of woman we arrive at our representation of ourselves (I speak as a man), and that the surrealist reading of woman, even if it is identical with its reading of photography, is blind to the very consequences it so pertinently invokes in every other realm.

STILL, if I left the exhibition with the sense that I had been shown the otherness of our selfhood, the obverse of a humanism in the 200 photographs by these men in the grip of a notable obsession, in the end I was rewarded by finding Krauss, in her essays on the exhibition, there to explain what had been not explored, but implored:

> Surrealism can be said to have explored the possibility of a sexuality that is not grounded in an idea of human nature, or the natural, but that instead, woven of fantasy and representation, is fabricated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then we are not through with the old obsessions, the old fetishes, the old jokes: what Krauss and Livingston have shown us in their exhibition, and suggested in their texts, is that there is still work to be done, that we have not yet imagined strongly enough, that there is more to weave in the text of fantasy and representation, that fabrication is open, the human project not yet closed.

RICHARD HOWARD

Richard Howard's new book of poems, *No Traveller*, will be published next autumn by Atheneum.

THE BOUNDS OF BIOLOGY

Myths of Gender
by Anne Fausto-Sterling

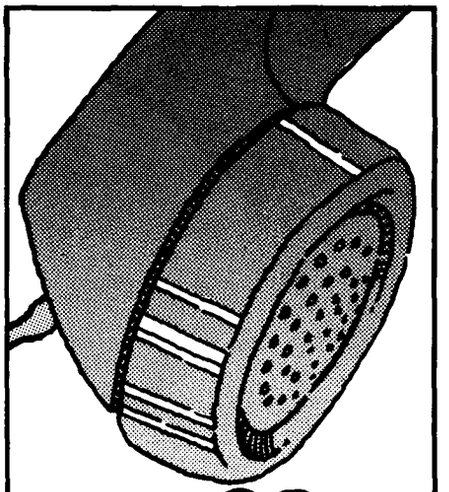
(Basic Books, 258 pp., $18.95)

Telling people they shouldn't be interested in sex differences is like telling them they shouldn't be interested in sex. The fact is that they are. They want to know how men and women differ—not so much in body (that they presumably know) as in spirit and mind, behavior and feeling—and they want to know why. Some people want to know about the absence of difference between the sexes, but I think the underlying interest is the same: What does it mean to be a man or a woman?

Into this general discussion modern feminists have valiantly tried to insert a crucial distinction. Beginning with Simone de Beauvoir, they have attempted to carve out a space between sex and gender, reminding us that it is only sex that is a biological category. Gender, by contrast, is a social category—wrought from the biological in a complex process that is specific to a given culture—that charts the cultural transformation of male and female infants into adult men and women. But for reasons that I don't think we fully understand, the distinction between sex and gender encounters enormous resistance—among men and women alike. As a culture, we seem to find it both easier and preferable to equate the two, and in this proclivity biologists have now, as they have so many times in the past, once again come to our aid. Over the last ten years we have witnessed a remarkable resurgence in biological efforts to reduce gender to sex, offering us both experimental evidence and theoretical arguments to support a biologically determinist account of differences between men and women.

Anne Fausto-Sterling, associate professor of biology at Brown University, is a developmental biologist who is well known to feminists for her trenchant criticisms of sexist bias in the science of gender. Now, in *Myths of Gender*, she offers the general public a comprehensive critical review of research into the biological bases of male and female behavior, especially cognitive and emotional behavior. Fausto-Sterling is wise enough not to try to disabuse us of our curiosity about either the source or nature of sex differences. But she does want us to know just how problematic, both scientifically and politically, any inquiry into this enormously difficult arena is bound to be. She especially wants to warn us of the problems that arise when the question of difference becomes a question of the biological basis of difference.

The political problems appear to be relatively straightforward. Behavioral traits that are seen as biologically (or, more precisely, genetically) determined are, to most people, behavioral traits that are "natural," and hence immutable. Given this ready implication, theories of biological determinism inevitably lend themselves to politically conservative uses. They become arguments simultaneously for denying cultural responsibility and for resisting change and maintaining the status quo. If men are more aggressive than women, have a need to dominate, perhaps even to rape, it is because it is their nature to be so; they are "doing what comes naturally." If women have a subordinate posi-



THE NEW REPUBLIC SUBSCRIBER SERVICE IS ONLY A PHONE CALL AWAY.

Do you have any questions about payments? Change of address? Delivery or other subscription problems?

Just pick up your phone and dial our toll-free hotline at

800-227-5782

Our operators are specially trained to provide you with quick, efficient subscription service.
(Call between 9 AM-5 PM, EST, Mon.-Fri.)

For most efficient service, please have a copy of your latest magazine handy. If you have a question concerning payment, please have a copy of your cancelled check in front of you so we can quickly resolve your problem over the phone.

Of course, we can still handle your business by mail if you prefer. Simply send us a copy of your address label from the front of your last magazine and your change of address or other correspondence to:

THE NEW REPUBLIC
PO Box 955
Farmingdale, NY 11737

Request for new subscriptions, renewals of current subscriptions and gift subscriptions should also be sent to the address above.

By phone or by mail, TNR Subscriber Service has never been easier.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion in society, earn only 59 cents to every dollar earned by men, biology can similarly be invoked as an explanation and a justification. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that Fausto-Sterling, along with other critics, associates the recent revival of biological determinism in the science of gender with a more general backlash against modern feminism—a backlash provoked by the social upheaval of the last two decades and rooted at least in part, she suggests, in "fears of sexual obliteration-through-equality." "Today," she writes,

> many scientists respond to the issue of sexual equality and the social and political upheaval that has accompanied it . . . by suggesting in all sincerity that, however well intentioned, the women's liberation movement and its fellow travelers want biologically unnatural changes that would bring grief to the human race.

At the same time, however, many other scientists would adamantly disown the association of their inquiry into the biological basis of sex differences with such blatantly political agendas. They are, they would say, merely pursuing their mandate to ascertain the facts, which, as good realists, we ought—and in fact do want—to know.

We have, of course, been through this before. The history of the science of race bears striking similarities to the history of the biology of gender. Indeed, many of the proponents of a biological basis of racial differences in IQ have also attempted to avoid the obvious racist implications of their work by recourse to our inveterate need (and desire) to know the facts. But in recent years this work has been largely discredited on purely scientific grounds. As a consequence, liberals have been permitted a comforting equation between racist science and bad science.

ANNE FAUSTO-STERLING, along with other feminists, would like to establish the same equation for the biology of gender. Fortunately, she has good material to work with. Both in principle and in practice, biologically determinist accounts of behavioral differences between the sexes rest on extremely shaky ground.

The in-principle argument against a facile connection between genes and gender is laid out by Fausto-Sterling with clarity and simplicity. The argument rests on the vastness of the distance between genetic information and complex traits, be they physical or behavioral. Any genetically encoded contribution is necessarily mediated by interactions with a large number of other genetically encoded inputs, by chance and by influences of the external environment. For human behavioral traits in general, and sexual traits in particular, the influence of the external (including cultural) environment becomes critical.

Still, some researchers, undaunted by the difficulty of their task, have persevered in their search for that nugget of biological truth underlying popular beliefs. Fausto-Sterling takes us on a tour of the principal areas of this research, demonstrating in case after case the inadequacy of the evidence, the abundance of alternative explanations, and the presence of circular reasoning—in short, the enormous difficulty, if not the impossibility, of establishing conclusions that can withstand methodological criticism.

Take, for example, the question—a favorite for biological determinists and critics alike—of intellectual differences, summarized in a chapter titled "A Question of Genius: Are Men Really Smarter than Women?" Over the past 100 years, psychologists, geneticists, endocrinologists, and neurophysiologists have offered a plethora of studies purporting to demonstrate, first, that sex differences in intelligence are real and, second, that they are rooted in biology. Fausto-Sterling's survey of this research yields a wide gamut of methodological flaws. On the purely phenomenological side, she observes that the differences demonstrated in most studies are in fact very small—often far smaller than the discriminatory power of the measures employed (for example, IQ tests). The real problems, however, come with interpretation. Some of these problems are relatively easy to detect, particularly with hindsight. To take just one example: when we, in 1985, observe the virtual absence of women among the top American scientists in the early part of the century, we do not find it "difficult," as psychologist-turned-sociologist James McKeen Cattell did, "to avoid the conclusion that there is an innate sexual disqualification." We can see the many "social prejudices" at work that he could not see. Yet when a parallel observation (about the underrepresentation of seventh-grade girls among the top mathematical achievers) appears in the scientific literature in 1980, it seems to be more difficult for both the authors (Camilla Benbow and Julian Stanley) and the public to keep in view all the social factors that can and do contribute to mathematical performance. The superior knowledge we have gained in the last two decades about the force of gender socialization does not prevent a hungry media from leaping to the conclusions of "math genes." Fausto-Sterling, as others have before her, reminds us of just how unwarranted such a conclusion is.

WHEN biologists enter the arena with their own accounts of how biology might mediate such differences, the difficulties most of us have in identifying methodological flaws mount dramatically. Here Fausto-Sterling's guidance is especially valuable. She provides the expertise unavailable to the general reader, but absolutely necessary both for assessing the quality and quantity of the evidence brought to bear in support of an argument and for identifying contradictory evidence that has been overlooked. None of the work she cites as arguments for a genetic basis of intellectual differences survives her critical review, and one is left fairly confident that even the arguments she doesn't cite—such as the more recent

DEGAS: "INTÉRIEUR"

More has happened
in this room than we want
to know. The fires
have burned out,
and the only light left
is in details: the discarded
undergarment, the hat
draped like a dying bird
on the narrow bed, all the debris
of passion.
Against a wall the man slouches
into his own shadow
the way the rug fades
into the floorboards,
the expression on his face
equivocal. Flowers bloom
on the lampshade
but will never grow.
The woman simply waits,
her ear defined
by one jade bead.
Only the lid of the jewel box glows,
as if everything valuable
had been shut away inside.

LINDA PASTAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

claims of Norman Geschwind—would have a similar fate. Fausto-Sterling effectively brings the weight of her own scientific authority to bear as a counterforce in the prevailing contest for a terrain that is now visibly both more and other than simple truth.

IN THE remaining chapters of the book we are led through a critical review of three other areas of current research on the biology of gender: the (now quite voguish) studies of premenstrual syndrome (female hormones), hormones and aggression (male hormones), and finally, and perhaps most familiar to readers, sociobiology. The methodological difficulties in these diverse areas of research inevitably vary, but they have one central characteristic in common: the norm implicit in virtually all research on the biology of sex differences is male. If women are different, the underlying assumption is that they are lesser, or, in studies of female physiology, fundamentally deviant.

As Fausto-Sterling writes, "The premise that women are by nature abnormal and inherently diseased dominates past research on menstruation and menopause," and she does a good job exploring the local consequences of this premise. It must be added, however, that variants of the same assumption can be found lurking in research on cognitive and emotional differences as well. Indeed, some readers may find themselves wishing that the author had pursued this theme in greater depth. In particular, they might ask, what would become of the science of gender more generally if we could envision difference without inequality, or equality without sameness?

In her preoccupation with refuting sex differences, Fausto-Sterling misses an important opportunity to address what may be the most critical problem endemic to all this research, namely that of interpreting difference itself. Take, for example, the subtitle of her second chapter, "Are Men Really Smarter than Women?" As a good empirical scientist, Fausto-Sterling devotes her attention to the adequacy of the term "really." What about the term "smarter"? To what extent do the measures of "smart" that are routinely employed correlate with actual ability in the world at large, or even, for that matter, with performance in those domains (for example, mathematics and science) that we uncritically accept as ultimate standards? To what extent does what (some) men in our culture really do constitute in itself the meaning of "smart"?

The problem of how we deal with sex differences is indeed in many ways like the problem of how we deal with race differences, but in the end, I think, it is both more difficult and more inescapable. One can imagine a world in which the very category of race disappears, but no amount of intermarriage can ever eradicate the category of sex. Many of the differences between men and women that we think of as consequences of biology are undoubtedly reflections of culture. But even accepting Fausto-Sterling's cautionary instruction about the impossibility of a clear demarcation between nature and nurture, some biological differences will always be with us.

Fausto-Sterling acknowledges the inescapability of bias in science. She writes, "How much and how strong the proof one demands before accepting a conclusion is a matter of judgment, a judgment that is embedded in the fabric of one's individual belief system." The remedy she advocates is a good start: she suggests a clear initial statement of one's prior political and philosophical beliefs, and indeed signals her own commitments to equality early on. Put into effect, such a recommendation not only helps us to read the literature of biological determinism more critically; it also helps us to read this book more critically. In particular, the author's honesty about her own commitments alerts us to the need to think more carefully about the very meaning of equality. Indeed, if we were to find a way of thinking about differences without automatically translating difference to mean inequality, we might well find that one of the principal motivations driving research on the biology of sex differences and sustaining its weaknesses would vanish. We might even find that some of the motivation for refuting sex differences would fade as well.

EVELYN FOX KELLER

Evelyn Fox Keller is professor of mathematics and humanities at Northeastern University and the author of *Reflections on Gender and Science* (Yale University Press).

THE RISK RACE

Outrageous Misconduct: The Asbestos Industry on Trial by Paul Brodeur

(Pantheon, 374 pp., $19.95)

The story according to Paul Brodeur goes like this. Thousands of asbestos workers have been victims of a massive and deliberate conspiracy to kill them. Asbestos manufacturers, led by the wicked Manville company, conspired first. In "a fifty-year history of corporate malfeasance and inhumanity to man that is unparalleled in the annals of the private-enterprise system" they sold insulation products without warning of hazards they understood full well. Doctors went along,

> acting in the time-honored tradition of the American medical profession, whose members, by and large, continue to avoid speaking out on important matters of occupational and environmental health, out of élitist deference to an old-boy network that precludes them from voicing criticism . . . of a private-enterprise system.

The "disdainfully manipulative" insurance industry collaborated too, setting up "a rickety edifice at best." The EPA engaged in "negligence" and "bureaucratic foot-dragging"; the Office of Management and Budget was callously obstructionist.

When the truth about the hazard finally emerged, a new conspiracy developed. Senator Gary Hart and Representative Millicent Fenwick—who proposed an administrative compensation scheme to replace lawsuits—were Manville's paid lackeys, as were Walter Mondale's top advisers. The *New York Times* and *Washington Post*, which supported the proposed legislation, chose

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to remain casually "ignorant of the basic evidence." So did Andrew Haas, union president for 17,000 insulation and asbestos workers, and Chief Justice Warren Burger. In short, fellow travelers in the asbestos conspiracy included a "huge cross-section of the institutions that make up the private-enterprise system. . . ."

AND then there is the real world—tragic but less sinister than Brodeur, a *New Yorker* writer, thinks it is. Used widely as an insulator for almost a century, asbestos has no close substitutes. But sustained exposure to the fiber causes asbestosis—a chronic lung disease, much like "black lung" from coal or "brown lung" from cotton dust. Asbestosis among factory workers was already widely recognized in the 1930s. Since installers of asbestos-containing insulation are generally exposed at lower levels, their asbestosis problems only emerged 15 years later. And it wasn't until the 1950s that researchers first began to link asbestos to deadly cancers of the lung and chest cavity. The decisive study came in 1964, when Dr. Irving Selikoff established a high incidence of both asbestosis and asbestos-signature cancers among insulation installers. The evidence has since accumulated. Exposures from decades ago are now expected to account for between 3,000 and 10,000 cancers a year for the next 30 years. This is only one to two percent of cancers nationwide, but for the employees affected the figures are appalling.

Asbestos litigation has its own history. Factory workers filed thousands of lawsuits against manufacturers when asbestosis first became widely recognized in the 1930s. Workers' compensation statutes were soon modified to cover the condition, and this curtailed further employee suits. Then, in the early 1960s, courts developed radical new "product liability" theories. These permit subsequent handlers and buyers of an "unreasonably dangerous" product (including one that fails to warn of known hazards) to sue the seller. Insulation installers can thus sue asbestos manufacturers; buyers of asbestos-containing buildings can sue both manufacturers and installers, and so on down the line.

The first product liability suit against a manufacturer came in 1957, the second in 1961. Both were settled for modest sums. Manufacturers won the first fully litigated case in 1969. It wasn't until late 1971 that an insulation worker first prevailed in a contested claim. Thousands of suits filed in the following decade were settled. By early 1981 Manville had won 19 of the 28 litigated cases, and no jury had awarded punitive damages against any manufacturer. Even when Manville employees in California proved in 1977 that Manville doctors had not alerted them to their asbestos-related medical conditions, the jury awarded only modest compensation.

Then the tide changed. Juries awarded punitive damages—exemplary awards intended to deter "outrageous misconduct"—in ten out of 65 cases decided in 1981-82. By August 1982 Manville was facing 16,500 lawsuits and expected some 50,000 more; punitive damages had become an utterly unpredictable wild card. The federal government, in whose World War II shipyards much of the total asbestos exposure had occurred, washed its hands of the whole affair. Insurance companies, facing staggering claims, reread the fine print in their asbestos company contracts and went to court too. Otherwise fully solvent, and with assets of two billion dollars, Manville filed for bankruptcy protection. Other asbestos manufacturers soon followed.

WHAT of the grand cover-up theory? There is much less to it than meets Brodeur's eye. This much did happen: asbestos manufacturers, employers of insulation workers, and insurance companies certainly contributed little enough to uncovering and abating the hazard. In settling early asbestosis claims from its factory workers, Manville won agreements that the lawyers involved would not bring further suits. When installation workers employed by its subsidiaries filed asbestosis claims in the late 1950s, Manville did not alert installers employed elsewhere of the hazard these claims suggested. And Manville directed its doctors not to inform factory employees about asbestosis problems uncovered during company-directed checkups. The company's comfortable logic was that there is little point in bringing attention to a chronic lung condition that was and still is untreatable.

So yes, for decades the asbestos companies and insulation contractors made no attempt to publicize the asbestosis hazard. But this hazard was hardly a secret; it had been widely recognized since the 1930s. The cancer threat was not uncovered until much later, and it too was quickly publicized by Selikoff and others outside the industry. By and large, the industry neither covered up nor uncovered the hazard. Industry's paramount concern? It had a product to sell.

SO DOES Paul Brodeur. Like the plaintiff lawyers he so admires, Brodeur believes the way to persuade readers is "not to bombard them with complex medical terms but to concentrate on ridiculing the contention of his opponents that no coverup existed." To this end Brodeur engages in sloppy, transparently one-sided, and sometimes brazenly dishonest reporting. In his account of who knew what when—the core of his cover-up theory—Brodeur systematically obscures the difference between asbestos-related cancer and asbestosis, usually a much less serious disease, and understood and discussed in the Manville boardrooms much earlier. Brodeur also glosses over the differences between high-exposure conditions in factories, variable exposures in insulation operations, and the comparatively minuscule public exposures in buildings and schools. He thus assumes that differences in exposure count for nothing, just as asbestos manufacturers (in overlooking hazards to subsequent handlers of asbestos products) earlier assumed that they count for everything. Thirty years ago the manufacturers' assumption was plausible, if too convenient; today Brodeur's is just a mindless caricature of reality.

Brodeur is erratic with basic facts and numbers. There will be "at least" 270,000 asbestos-related cancer deaths by 2010, he says on one page. Or could it be "as many" as that, as he says nine pages later? The difference between a floor and a ceiling is enormous in the highly speculative business of asbestos mortality prognostications, but Brodeur cites the same expert for both propositions. Together, smoking and asbestos exposure increase the risk of lung cancer by 90 times, he writes at first. Or is it 50, as he later claims? Brodeur never works it out. The right answer in fact turns on how heavily a person smokes, a subtlety that doesn't concern Brodeur. The list of trivial errors and petty falsifications goes on.

The legal analysis is of the same caliber. Trial accounts consist of interminable and embarrassingly self-serving quotations from plaintiff lawyers. Brodeur

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reads into every settlement a confession of manufacturer guilt. (Why not a plaintiff's acknowledgment that his claim is without merit?) He confuses direct- and cross-examination, mixes up "contributory negligence" (victim carelessness) and "assumption of risk" (victim consent), and innocently lets drop that his plaintiff-lawyer friends accepted referral fees (a violation of rules of ethics).

Brodeur savors every punitive award to the fullest, but he passes quickly over the much more frequent cases in which these damages were sought but denied. And he never acknowledges what responsible reporting to a general audience would surely require: punitive awards in asbestos suits have largely coincided with a recent explosion of such awards in all areas of personal injury litigation. Most lawyers now agree that punitive damages are awarded so erratically and unpredictably that they have lost almost all meaning. Manufacturers of defect-free (but allegedly mislabeled) vaccines and oral contraceptives, for example, have recently been assessed much larger punitive awards than any ever won by asbestos victims.

BRODEUR ASIDE, what should we think about the asbestos story? The tragedy is indeed enormous. Employers of 40 years ago (prominent among whom was the federal government) were much less concerned about worker health than they should have been. And there can be no doubt that the victims, many of whom were exposed during the crash shipbuilding programs of World War II, deserve generous support. The proliferation of asbestos lawsuits (some 25,000 by one recent count) is nevertheless obscene. The problem is lawyers—lawyers for the plaintiffs and the defendants, lawyers for the insurance companies and the government, lawyers for the bench, the back bench, and the bankruptcy masters. One trial in California involved so many lawyers it had to be held in a large auditorium. And lawyers cost. Manville was spending two million dollars a month on legal fees when it threw in the towel; and the federal government spent some ten million dollars on lawyers making sure it wouldn't be liable to any victims. The Manville bankruptcy was aptly described as a "lawyers' feeding frenzy."

Thus, six to eight dollars out of every ten that change hands in the asbestos suits end up you-know-where. Plaintiff lawyers pocket 30 percent of every award. Their experts and other camp followers cost another ten percent. Defendant lawyers spend at about the same rate. Judges and their staff feed too, at the taxpayers' trough. Of course some victims do end up as lucky winners in the litigation lottery. But countless others do not or cannot sue, because the precise cause of their injuries is difficult to trace, or because they are repelled by the complex and sluggish legal circus. If a charity or insurance company operated this way, creaming off 60 percent of the take for administrative expenses and selecting its beneficiaries so haphazardly, it would be prosecuted for fraud.

The alternative? An administrative compensation scheme for victims, funded by asbestos companies, the government, and others who gained at the expense of worker health. Public health officials, not lawyers, would disburse the money, and would thus deliver more cash to more victims at less cost to the rest of society. This, more or less, is what bills now pending in Congress would accomplish.

Brodeur detests the idea. He discreetly confides (four times, to be sure we get the subtle point) that the Hart and Fenwick proposals "became known" as the "Manville bailout bills." Indeed, all proposals to curtail the tort system are simply a "perverse and stupid exercise in participatory democracy." The trial lawyers are heroes; with their selfless help, asbestos victims are doing just fine. Brodeur's more modest recommendation: we should "reform the private-enterprise system in order to stem the onslaught of environmental pollution and accompanying illnesses." Small wonder the Trial Lawyers of America gave this book a "Public Service" award. No one else will. The book, unlike the history it pretends to recount, is solemn but not serious.

PETER HUBER

Peter Huber is a lawyer in Washington, D.C.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

could not manage to do so, allow me to summarize its contents.

Chapter one is a critical history of academic Sovietology, my own profession. Chapter two reexamines the complex relationship between the original Bolshevik movement that came to power in Russia as a result of the revolution and the Stalinist system that emerged in the 1930s. Chapter three argues that the New Economic Policy of the 1920s, associated politically with the fate of Nikolai Bukharin, represented an alternative to Stalinism as a model of Soviet development, and that the market-oriented ideas of NEP continue to exercise powerful appeal in the Communist world today, from Eastern Europe to China. Chapter four treats the bitter domestic controversies between Soviet anti-Stalinists and Stalinists after Stalin's death. And chapter five is a study of the ongoing struggle between official Soviet reformers and conservatives over the past, present, and future of the system.

Each of these chapters dissents from conventional American Sovietology in some significant way, but not one of them is "devoted to U.S.-Soviet relations." In chapter one, the Cold War is briefly described as the political context in which the Sovietological profession took shape in the 1940s and 1950s. And the last paragraph of the book (the only one actually quoted at any length by Mr. Pipes) argues that "Soviet reformers stand a chance only in conditions of East-West détente." Otherwise, there is virtually nothing at all about the subject in *Rethinking*, as even a look at the index would have alerted Mr. Pipes.

The other book, *Sovieticus*, is a different kind of undertaking. A collection of my monthly columns on Soviet affairs for the *Nation*, it is organized into four sections whose headings adequately reflect the contents: "American Perceptions and Soviet Realities"; "From Stalin to Gorbachev"; "Victims and Dissidents"; and "Cold War Axis and Nuclear Peril." Even stretching Mr. Pipes's characterization, perhaps a third to half of *Sovieticus* is "largely devoted to U.S.-Soviet relations." In this case, his guess was not as far from the truth, but still far enough to be incorrect.

Mr. Pipes's other descriptions of the books provide additional evidence that he read neither of them in full. For example, he claims: "Nothing is said about the criticism of Soviet policies by the Italian Communist Party." In fact, that subject figures prominently in chapter three of *Rethinking* (pages 87-89). He also writes: "Cohen has no kind words to say for the Soviet Union as it is today . . ." My analytical perspectives don't break down into "kind" and "unkind" ones, but *Sovieticus* includes an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entire column ("The Soviet System: Crisis or Stability?") arguing that American perceptions ignore the popular achievements of the system, including improved standards of living and cradle-to-grave welfare provisions. (A similar argument appears on page 151 of *Rethinking*.) Later, Mr. Pipes asserts that I dismiss "historic [sic] traditions and the vested interests of the political establishment" as causal factors in Soviet history, even though I repeatedly emphasize their importance in both books, particularly in chapters two, three, four, and five of *Rethinking* and in the second section of *Sovieticus*.

Finally, unless he has willfully distorted what he read, Mr. Pipes's systematic misrepresentation of my views is still more evidence that he barely skimmed the books. Here, too, I will cite only a few disparate examples. In neither book do I say that the Bolshevik revolution was "a good thing"; that Stalinism was "caused largely by the 'Cold War' "; or that the obscene Soviet war in Afghanistan was caused by "the ideas of the Carter administration and the strategic crusade under President Reagan."

Indeed, in these and other instances, Mr. Pipes attributes to me views contrary to those I actually present in *Rethinking* and *Sovieticus*. Whereas he says that Bukharin is "Mr. Cohen's idol," I write that Bukharin "was, of course, an inept politician and weak leader, and, as such, he exercises no appeal. . . . He was not a democrat. Like other original Bolsheviks, he bore some responsibility for the Stalinist regime that emerged after 1929" (*Rethinking*, page 90). Whereas Mr. Pipes has me saying that American journalists "mindlessly echo" Western scholars, I complain that "journalists have not become more familiar with the scholarly literature" (*Sovieticus*, page 12). And whereas he says that I hold Russia "in deep contempt," in both books I pointedly object to any conception "which puts the Soviet Union in some perverse realm forever beyond our understanding" (*Sovieticus*, page 12; and *Rethinking*, page 37).

I could go on, but the matter is clear enough. Richard Pipes systematically misrepresented what I wrote. The most charitable explanation is that he did not carefully read either *Rethinking the Soviet Experience* or *Sovieticus*. Certainly, if Professor Pipes studies research materials the way he "read" my books, nothing he writes can be taken as scholarship. And if THE NEW REPUBLIC tolerates such slovenly reporting and factual inaccuracies in its pages, nothing it publishes can be taken at face value. At the very least, the editors should insist, if Mr. Pipes chooses to reply, that he furnish full quotations, not elliptical ones casually ripped out of context, thereby compelling him to read the books he was supposed to review.

As for any NEW REPUBLIC reader who is interested in what my books actually have to say about Soviet history and politics, and about U.S.-Soviet relations—well, as Casey Stengel used to say, you could look it up.

STEPHEN F. COHEN
Professor of politics, Princeton University

"ON CHRISTMAS DAY, two of South Africa's largest tribes, the Zulus and the Pondos, clashed in a battle that left 59 dead. A week later, twenty were killed when the Pedis and the Ndebeles fought. The Zulus are headed by Chief Buthelezi, one of the more moderate black leaders, while the Pedis are one of the Xhosa-speaking tribes, from which comes most of the leadership of the radical African National Congress. Divestiture from Zululand is the obvious answer."

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review write to Dept. R-1. 150 East 35th Street. New York, N.Y. 10016.

TEACHERS

PUT *THE NEW REPUBLIC* TO WORK IN YOUR CLASSROOM FOR ONLY 50¢ AN ISSUE.

Now you can order *THE NEW REPUBLIC* for your students at our special reduced classroom rate. Plus we'll include a complimentary instructor's copy with each classroom order. (Minimum order 10 subscriptions, prepaid.) So give your students the benefit of *THE NEW REPUBLIC*'s timely political analysis and thought-provoking editorials.

To place your classroom order, write:

Educational Department
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 19th St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

TRB, *from page 4*

easy answers regarding: "the best way to link computers," the "Afghanistan Question," how to kick a football into a head wind, the proper way to sing bel canto, peace in the Middle East, "how to pick a long-distance phone service," how astronauts go to the bathroom (honest—"no easy answer," *Washington Post*, June 12), "where, and under what circumstances, American power should be employed," the use of sulfites in salad bars, "the contradictions and paradoxes of Judaism," "Western Europe: Center or Periphery," and, of course, abortion.

An economist wrote in *American Banker* that President Reagan "faces a five-part economic policy dilemma." Not only are there "no easy answers," but "inflationary monetary policy . . . is not one of them." The same *New York Times* bridge columnist who thought that bidding strategy raised vital questions tortured himself further by noting that "if one had to select the best card-player of all time, there would be no easy answer."

Even more disturbing, perhaps, than the lack of easy answers is the huge volume of things that remain to be seen. Over 2,500 of them, in fact, since Nexis began, and 1,223 in 1985 alone. This is an ominous trend. Clearly we're losing ground here. After all, how many things can be seen by even the most thoughtful observer in the course of the day? Not as many as get added each day to the list of things that remain to be seen.

On the other hand, there are grounds for cautious optimism. In the first ten days of 1986, only 14 new items remained to be seen. These include the future of communism (*Christian Science Monitor*), whether Mayor Washington of Chicago will eat some cheese steaks given to him by Mayor Koch of New York (*New York Times*), whether Star Wars will work, whether new rules will benefit the cosmetics industry, whether machines can be taught to think, and "how those in power [in Nigeria] will conduct themselves" (BBC).

No one can gainsay that these are vital questions. But so far they're piling up at a non-seasonally adjusted annual rate of only 511—less than half of last year's torrid pace. Is this the beginning of a turnaround? Well, there are . . . no, I just can't say it. Let's just say that only time will tell.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Moans

I DON'T KNOW what "logy" means. It is one of those tiny *New Yorker* words designed to establish that the writer is a lover of the language. The real consequence of its usage, however, is the trivialization of the thing to which it has been attached. Pauline Kael thinks that Claude Lanzmann's *Shoah* is "logy." She writes that "right from the start" of the film she was "squirming restlessly, my attention slackening"—this from the woman who was engaged by *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle*. I think I understand her frustration. Here was nine hours about the most spectacular act of violence in history, and the screen showed no violence. All that torture cinematically squandered for mere reflection! Just think what Brian DePalma could have done with it. Nothing "logy," that's for sure. Kael's review of *Shoah* in the *New Yorker* establishes her as a moral idiot. The evidence lies not in her failure to conclude that the film is a masterpiece; some of the flaws she finds are there. It lies in her judgment of the film's subject. She has produced the most pitiable instance of the Jewish fear of Jewish history that I have seen in a long time. "It's as if" (to use Pauline language) she is less patient with the recollection of Jewish death than with Jewish death itself. The film is "a long moan. It's saying, 'We've always been oppressed, and we'll be oppressed again.' " Which is not exactly a delusional deduction to be made from the Jewish past, even if Lanzmann nowhere makes it. Now, I have known people who would like to be rid of the memory, but they have generally been people whose memory it actually was. For Kael, the memory is merely something she would rather not carry. Since nothing that she has ever written suggests any involvement at all in Jewish experience (which is fine), she flatters herself for this "dissenting view" about the film and the catastrophe. You cannot really relieve yourself of a burden you have never really borne.

THE MOST REVOLTING element of Kael's escape is her anti-anti-anti-Semitism. "If you were to set [Lanzmann] loose, he could probably find anti-Semitism everywhere." If you could set Kael loose, she could probably find it nowhere, since she cannot even find it in Poland between 1941 and 1945. Thus she accuses Lanzmann of fomenting "facile judgment against the Gentiles." Never mind that "Gentiles" never appear in *Shoah*; only Germans and Poles do. But "facile"? She impugns Lanzmann for showing that "Polish peasants who saw Jewish children being thrown into vans by their feet don't seem to have been upset, or even touched." But they weren't. And for showing that "Polish peasants are still talking about how the Jews killed Christ and hoarded gold." But they are. The Nazi murder and the Polish collaboration (with sublime exceptions, as Lanzmann loudly notes) are facts of history, not production values. Then, in an absolutely breathtaking revival of an old *New Yorker* mistake, Kael points out that after all "most of the work" of the killing "was done by Jews assigned to 'special details.' " (Hannah and her sister.) "Suppose these workers had been Gentile slave laborers. . . . Would Lanzmann have treated survivors among them with the loving respect he shows the Jewish survivors?" The lesson that Kael takes away from the Holocaust is that the Jews must prove themselves. Since the degree of denial required by Kael's flight is downright clinical, she finally loses it altogether. "Maybe any of us could [find anti-Semitism] if we looked for it, but he looked in special places." Well, yes, Auschwitz was special. Nobody in his right mind says it wasn't. (Lanzmann doesn't.) But it breaks new ground in intellectual perversity to suggest that the very magnitude of the crime should disqualify it from moral or historical relevance. Similarly, and just as willfully, "even if you accept his examples as valid and representative, what doesn't seem valid is the significance that the film confers on them." There it is, Pauline Kael's mature reflection on the extermination of the Jews and on the film about it: go away. Leave me alone.

IT IS PLEASING TO SEE one's friends honored. To his many honors (the Pulitzer included) my friend Paul Starr may now add the honor of being the victim of one of the most foul attacks that neoconservatism has mounted to date. His book *The Social Transformation of American Medicine* is scurrilously maligned and misrepresented in *Commentary* this month by Florence Ruderman of Brooklyn College. I leave the particulars of medical sociology to the medical sociologists; but there appears in Ruderman's screed a more general theme that has become a common instrument of the neocon Kulturkampf. Since the book is social and institutional history, she faults it for "Marxist ideas," disgracefully concealing the firm critique of Marxist analysis that appears in it. (You see, Professor Ruderman, there was this German thinker called Max Weber. . . .) Meanwhile, over at the culture desk, the *New Criterion* has Norman Cantor of New York University coarsely calling Lawrence Stone a Marxist ("far more subtle and poisonous than traditional Leninism"), Fernand Braudel a Marxist, Natale Davis a Marxist, and for good inquisitorial fun all structuralists and deconstructionists too. Anybody even perfunctorily acquainted with the writings of these scholars knows how absurd all this is. (Details on request.) It seems that social history itself is now the slippery slope to the gulag, and all that remains for the freedom-loving scholar is the sterling historiographical example of Will and Ariel Durant. Least recognizable in all these denunciations, of course, is Marx himself, who is merely the image of a demonological desire. Such is the so-called life of the mind when you believe (as another writer in the same issue of *Commentary* puts it) that "everything is threatened."

JEANE KIRKPATRICK has accepted a $100,000 award from the Raymond and Miriam Klein Foundation for her "personal commitment" to Israel and the Jewish people. I'm jealous. But I'm not sure one should accept payment or prizes for one's cherished convictions. And I am sure that this prize is a pernicious affair. It amounts to a standing six-figure bribe for goyim. Nor will the Jews profit from the precedent. They are not quite as rich as their enemies think they are. How shall they compete, say, with a Fahd Friendship Award?

L.W.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE GIFT With Your Order

With BERLITZ®... It Takes Less Time Than You Think to Learn a Foreign Language.

Try The BERLITZ® Learn-At-Home Language Program for 21 Days... *RISK-FREE.*

Available in Spanish, French, German, and Italian Programs

The ease and effectiveness of this learn-at-home program should come as no surprise. It has been developed by the experts at BERLITZ, a name synonymous with excellence in language instruction.

Begin with the famous Berlitz ZERO™ exercises, so named because they start you "from zero" in your new language. You learn the same way you learned English, by listening and absorbing the language as it is used in everyday settings... then repeating what you hear. In a short while, you'll even be thinking in your new language.

Perhaps you want to learn a foreign language to help yourself in your business career, or simply to get more enjoyment out of foreign travel. Whatever your reasons, you'll find the Berlitz Learn-At-Home program to be a fast, fun, and effortless way to learn the language of your choice.

If your company is not reimbursing you for this course, it is tax deductible if used for business purposes.

The program, which comes in a handsome briefcase, contains:

- The 10-lesson, 90-minute ZERO cassette to familiarize you with the spoken language. You begin speaking immediately.
- Forty additional lessons on five 60-minute cassettes to put your growing command of the language to work in a variety of real-life situations.
- Six illustrated workbooks to visually reinforce what you're hearing and explain the usage of the language you're learning.
- A pocket-size two-way dictionary that makes word-finding a snap – whether it's finding the English meaning of a foreign word or vice versa.
- The Berlitz Rotary Verb Finder that lets you instantly change any of four dozen common verbs into present, past or future tense.

FREE!

A Berlitz Travel Kit

(to the country of your choice)

These unique new travel kits help you get the most out of every day of your trip. Each country kit contains: a 60-minute cassette of practical travel tips to give you a sneak preview of the country, a color travel guide to the country's major city, and a route-planning travel map. The kit is yours to keep, even if you return the course. (A $14.95 value)

Choose from:

France
Spain
Mexico
Germany
Italy
Switzerland
Great Britain

Berlitz Money Back Guarantee

Try the Berlitz Learn-At-Home program for 21 days. If you are not satisfied for any reason, simply return it and receive a complete refund.

For your convenience on credit card orders dial toll-free

1-800-431-9003
and refer to Dept. 2182
24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

BERLITZ PUBLICATIONS, Inc. Dept. 2182
866 Third Ave., 27th Fl., New York, NY 10022

Send **Berlitz Comprehensive Cassette Course(s)** checked.
$140.00 each in briefcase plus $5 for shipping and insured delivery.

☐ **French** 86100 ☐ **German** 86101 ☐ **Italian** 86102 ☐ **Spanish** 8610

☐ Send me my FREE Berlitz Travel Kit (check one)
☐ France 86474 ☐ Spain 86472 ☐ Mexico 86471 ☐ Germany 86478
☐ Italy 86476 ☐ Switzerland 86475 ☐ Great Britain 86473

Enclosed check_____ money order_____ payable to Berlitz.
Or charge my AMEX_____ Diners Club_____ VISA_____
MasterCard InterBank #_____ Exp. Date_____
Card #_____ Exp. Date_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
N.Y. and N.J. residents add sales tax. Allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED